

The TATLER

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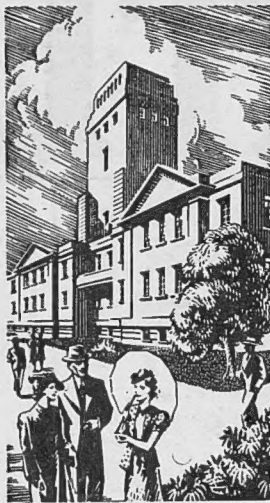
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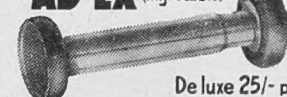
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The TATTLER

Vol. CLII. No. 1977. London, May 17, 1939

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A COMING CHAMPION—JEAN NICOLL

Bassano, Dover Street

Our Junior Champion, who recently defeated a formidable opponent in Miss Margot Lumb at the Melbury Tournament, may some day become our next world champion, and her adventures at Wimbledon this year will be watched with keen interest. There was no fluke about Jean Nicoll's Melbury victory, for it was backed by her performance when she won the Herga Cup, in which she beat Miss A. M. Yorke 9—7, 3—6, 6—2. In the semi-final of that cup she beat our No. 5, Mrs. Hammersley (née Freda James)—two very encouraging bits of form. May good fortune attend her is the wish of all of us

And the World Said—



LADY MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON

Marcus Adams

With her very engaging young daughters, Diana Mairi, born in 1932, and Fiona Margaret, who is three years younger. Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton and a first cousin of H.M. The Queen, is the wife of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon's third son. They live in Hampshire

SO Japan has said "Include me out, boys," as Sam Goldwyn said in one of his classic Corriganisms. So the American Fleet's preventative parade in the Pacific has worked out, and Dr. Schacht has walked out of India, after failing to curry trade contracts for Germany. Reading that Gandhi not only refused to discuss the world situation with the former President of the *Reichsbank*, but immediately called on the Viceroy, I almost took off my hat to the Mahatma. But the East, Far, Near and Middle, should be left to those who presumably understand it, such as Major-General A. P. D. Telfer-Smollett, a descendant of the author of "Roderick Random," who recently relinquished command of the British troops in China (Shanghai area). He has been made Lieut.-Governor Commanding the Troops, Guernsey and Alderney District; which is good news for the Scottish season, provided this former H.L.I. charmer and his good-looking wife get leave on the bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond in September, when their presence at the Argyllshire gathering is requested *pour égayer* those tied by circumstances to the back hills, including the Captain of Dunstaffnage, whose particular circumstance is an unequal conflict with a lorry. He hopes to have mended by the first Wednesday after the second

DIANA WYNYARD AND
REX HARRISON

Two of the most attractive and gifted personalities on the English stage seen between matinée and evening performances of *Design for Living*, the amusing Noel Coward extravaganza at the Haymarket, which looks like running riot through the summer. Rex Harrison, who, it will be remembered, was in *French Without Tears*, has just been voted our best dressed actor

Tuesday in September, which, as every Scots débutante knows, is the first day of Oban Games.

More military intelligence—the Guards Boat Club annual ball is on June 14, the Wednesday of Ascot, otherwise Hunt Cup day. Though it is a change to signal this important un-in-aid-of, certain charity annuals have followed the Derby Ball's example by becoming smart as well as worthy, the England Ball, for one. The committee chairman did not show up on the night; but as Lord Crawford, the vigorous President of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, brought a round tableful, Lady Birkenhead's absence was inconspicuous. His accompanying daughter, Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, was lovely looking in a ruby red dress; her vivid dark beauty is not one



H.R.H. PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE

The only daughter of H.M. King Leopold of the Belgians, photographed at the Centenary Palace in Brussels while attending the tenth anniversary celebrations of the founding of the Young Catholic Girl Students' Organization. Princess Josephine Charlotte, who has been fulfilling public engagements in the most unselfconscious fashion for quite a long time, is twelve years old

which belongs exclusively to the Ritz Circus and Le Touquet. A few countrymen came up for this ball because the cause concerned them intimately, but if the committee continues keen it will whip in more county next year, making an atmosphere as distinctive as the Caledonian Ball or the United Hunts. Miss Helen Faudel-Phillips, young and sweet, whose self-possession comes from capability not conceit, ran the cabaret (which included Frances Day in a mammoth white net crinoline bound with red) and dined some of the prettiest programme "pests," including Miss Elizabeth Madden, who has not yet set a date, as they say in America, for her wedding to Raymond de Vere Nicoll. His brother danced with Miss Rosemary Payne, who still wears flowers in her top-knot, most heads having changed to ribbon. Sir Digby and Lady Lawson were a *simpatica* couple present.

Lord Halifax's younger son, Mr. Peter Wood, sat with a débutante, Miss Anne Norton, at the Langley-Taylor's table for fifty. Their host is not only a moving spirit of the C.P.R.E. (which seeks to lead local authorities in the right of way), but also chairman of the recently formed Hughenden Trust which is raising dough to endow Disraeli's old home, and eventually hand the property (just visited by Queen Mary) to the National Trust. Meanwhile, they have formed a Disraelian Society with Lord Derby as the first president. Edith Evans, who was so good as another great Victorian, Florence Nightingale, came on after *Robert's Wife* and, having drawn a prize, stayed until the curtain. Lord Milford (better remembered as Sir Laurence Phillips; it took the racing fraternity to spot the old colours attached to an apparently new owner) was represented by one of his sons; Lord Dudley Gordon by two of his; and attractive girls were Lady Sybil's daughter-in-law Mrs. Robin Grant, too artlessly youthful to be listed with the marrieds, and a pair of Scandinavian débutantes, Helen-Birgit Huitfeldt, whose father was Norwegian Minister to Denmark and has settled in England (s'nice to record a Nordic immigration), and Doreen Wessel, whose father is Chilean Minister to Denmark; another brother is Danish Minister to Chile, and yet another, "Billy," is Monte Carlo's extra man.

Judging by the number of younger men involved in the aforesaid movement against uglification of England, something may be done before it is entirely too late, but as W. H. D. ("You have been warned") McCullough



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THREE IN FAMILY

Lord and Lady Patrick Crichton-Stuart and their recently-born son, Henry, who has quickly reached the taking notice stage. Lady Patrick Crichton-Stuart is the former Miss Jane von Bahr, daughter of Captain von Bahr, of Stockholm. Her husband, third son of Lord and Lady Bute, is in the 11th Hussars (Reserve)

said when seconding a vote of thanks to Mrs. Neville Chamberlain for having the committee to tea at No. 10, if there is one thing more fantastic than the English habit of seconding a vote of thanks, it is the English way of getting things done. Here we were assembled in the Prime Minister's house, by kind invitation of his wife, in order to raise enthusiasm for a ball to which we were going in order to raise money to save the beauties of England by rousing public opinion to such an extent that people would get in touch with Members of Parliament, and impress them so deeply that the matter would eventually be brought to the attention of the Prime Minister. This question of saving England from the English is scarcely more urgent than saving the English language from invaders. It is weeks since I heard a word of our mother tongue in Oxford Street—Refugee Row. Do you remember the anecdote about Lord Lonsdale who, bored with a conversation about "good" addresses, is supposed to have said, "Now I must go and see a friend who lives in Oxford Street" — meaning Lord Derby's impressive residence a few doors from the stores.

Another all-English occasion will be the Old English Fair on June 1 at Warren House, Stanmore (easily get-at-able for Londoners), which belongs

to the Knight of Kerry and Lady "Millie" FitzGerald. The Duchess of Gloucester is going. Among the attractions will be roundabouts, costers, fortune-tellers, conjuring, cartoonists, movies, a ballet, a concert party (which means pierrots, not chamber music), a complete village market and, to English minds, the all important, "cover if it rains." The attractive and constructive Boys' Hostels Association takes the takings



Hay Wrightson

LADY HARRIS

Lord Harris's wife in her Auxiliary Territorial Service uniform. Lady Harris holds high rank in the Women Terriers, being Chief Commandant for her home county, Kent. Recruiting for the A.T.S., which provides cooks, clerks, motor drivers, etc., to release men from these jobs, goes on briskly, and members of the Chatham company (in Lady Harris's command) were on training course duty at Brompton Barracks, Chatham during last week



TOSSING TO MUSIC

Miss Mary FitzRoy plays her guitar as accompaniment to pancake tossing by her sister, Olivia, and Lady Brigid Guinness (centre) at the Westminster Market, a festival of food and wine, held last week at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, in aid of the Westminster Hospital Rebuilding Fund. Lady Brigid Guinness, obviously an expert at the game, is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Iveagh

And the World said—(continued)

The half-American Wakefield-Saunders sisters, their friend Miss Jean Innes-Kerr (who also has an American-born mother), Miss Cynthia Elliot of the striking, *chic* looks, Miss Eileen Brougham linguist, Miss Zara Mainwaring, Miss Vinola Fitzgerald and *Mesdemoiselles* Paravicini, whose native Switzerland is enjoying its wild flower season, are helping. Which reminds me that growing flowers for the London market is a picturesque new industry in the Isle of Wight, where Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme are raising fields of tulips, gladioli and irises; employing twenty pairs of hands, including their own. The Hamond-Graemes were at Mrs. Edward Harbord's all-ages cocktail party, with an accompaniment of soft music, at Claridge's. Lady "Vinie" Dundas (to whose youngest sister congratulations on her engagement) was one of several Yorkshire neighbours who congratulated Primrose Harbord on her own engagement. Every one congratulated Miss Sally Banbury on her hat; its crown was composed of daisies, forget-me-nots, and all those innocent flowers which usually wreath the biscuit straws of little girls in Kensington Gardens.

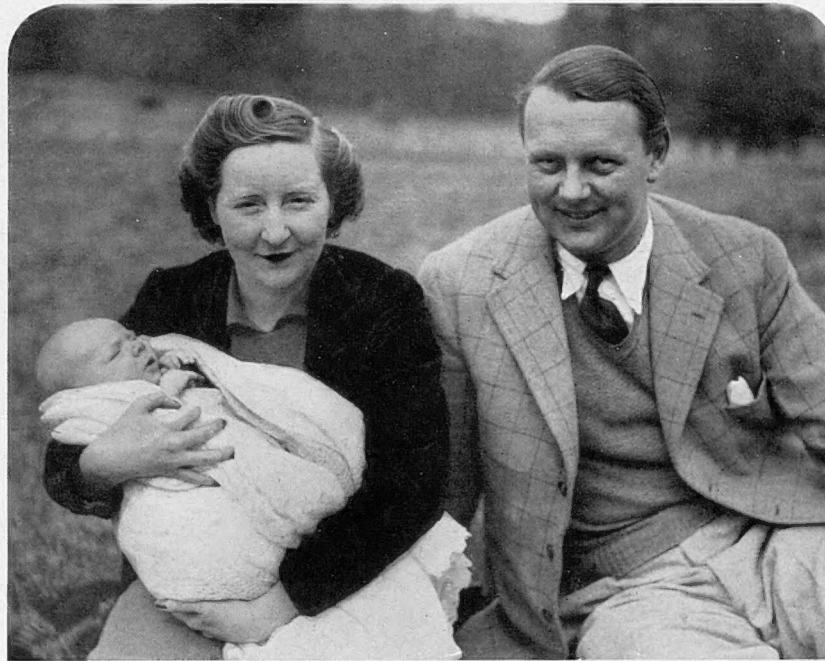
At Kempton on Jubilee Day, hats were extinguished by umbrellas. Watching horses go down lashed with thunder rain, the bookies shrunken under their totems at the edge of Tattersalls' gleaming asphalt lake, I wondered why artists hardly ever paint rainy days, or racing scenes for that matter, both an essential part of English life. The shapely absurdity and bobbing coquetry of the umbrella is made immortal in Renoir's violet blue *Les Parapluies*, which hangs in the same room at the National Gallery as Sir William Burrell's wistful little Degas—*Les Jockeys sous la pluie*. I went in out of the rain one day to look at the Gulbenkian Room, but got no farther than these dewy gems. A similar sidetrack occurred at the Lefevre Gallery, where Edward Le Bas (whose pretty sister, Mrs. Gray Horton, has been to Paris for the memorial exhibition of her American father-in-law's paintings) and that hot colourist, Mark Gertler, are exhibiting, but my eye was captured by the witty oddity of Anthony Ayscough's pictures in the outer room; once seen never forgotten, for he possesses style. I will not catalogue the styles at Kempton, sufficient that Lady Rosebery wore a greenery-yallery hat (she shared the box with Lord Digby, Lady Kimberley, and the Norfolks), Lady Willoughby de Broke a powder pink dress with felt poke bonnet (her "John" was with his A.A.F.), Lady Manton, a landmark red coat, and Mrs. Arthur Snagge, sea blue. She is the wife of the Admiral who saw ten new ships added to the Navy during his three and a half years' command of Devonport Dockyard. Lord Sefton, the new president of Buck's Club, wore a new grey overcoat, exceptionally natty even for him. Like White's, Buck's retains its vitality. So does St. George's.

the golf club with the most exalted and the richest membership. Sir Adrian Baillie, Captain J. S. ("Jimmy") Coats, Colonel "Billy" Fox-Pitt, Lords Delamere, Sudeley, Ratdone, Garmoyle and Portarlington are up for election, and, among others, Colonel N. Dalrymple-Hamilton of Bargany, the curler.

The retirement of "Nanny" Ferraro from the Berkeley is regretted by all customers. He had been chaperon, confidant and friend of the *jeunesse militaire* long enough to figure in novels and newspaper articles as an institution. There are few London head waiters with a grain of his delightful personality, and few places like the Berkeley where the hearty, harmless, idiotic but not altogether unromantic atmosphere of the Roaring Twenties clings, like the 'nineties to the Café Royal. The Twenties will soon assume the roseate haze of Period, and make successful scenarios, like A. E. W. Mason's novels from an earlier decade. Although cavalryman Colin Davy's steeple-chasing novel, "Brown Paper Twice," only came out this year, it has the high spirits of the Twenties and the high moral tone of "Young England." The racing scenes and emotions are authentic, and ranging from India to Hampshire via Egypt, and from regimental life to the seamy side of the

track, with a happy ending in the country seat of an eccentric peer, the plot is a perfect scenario, ready made. Not that anyone has the *nous* to film it, except possibly Tom Walls. As Major Davy evidently aims to assume the mantle of Whyte-Melville, he should learn to spell that good author's name.

There were several cavalymen at the Villiers-Forester wedding which Queen Mary attended, including the bride's cousin, Lord Forester, who commands the Blues, and her Legge-Bourke cousins. The calmest usher was her cousin, Mr. David Wilson, who, suffering from a mental lapse, asked Lady Clarendon "bride or bridegroom?" The honeymoon began in Paris, at the Ritz, where Mr. and Mrs. Sebastian de Mier (ex-Mrs. "Patsy" Richardson *née* Eve Weil of Macy's) were also sighted by a Parisian correspondent who is thrilled at the prospect of the golden wedding celebrations for the *Tour Eiffel*. I do not understand to whom the Eiffel Tower is supposed to have been married since '89, but it is a very pretty idea and there is to be a succession of galas blessed by the President of the Republic; a special issue of postage stamps; a society ball half-way up the Tower; and a wave of greetings from the top to the New York Fair, which all sounds peaceful enough. That delightful London-Parisienne, Mrs. J. B. Paget, encountered outside Luigi's Grill, is enchanted with her first grandchild, Winnie "Pooh" Paget's son. She finds him an exceptionally beautiful baby; on the other hand, Lord Cecil Douglas finds his first child just like every other baby—at least, he says so. Actually, fathers mostly dote until the child has a mind of its own, at which point they arrive at the conclusion that it has taken after its mother



THE YOUNG LAIRD GOES HOME

Viscount Reidhaven with his mother and father, the Countess of Seafeld and Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, at Castle Grant, the Seafeld family fastness in Morayshire, where the young heir had a terrific welcome (bonfires and so forth) on arrival from London. His birth on March 20, after his parents had been married nine years, caused both family and Clan Grant rejoicings



LADY WARRENDER

At the European *première* (in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital) of Paramount's *Midnight*, starring Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche, at the Plaza. Lady Warrender, so well known with the Leicestershire packs, went bear-hunting in New Brunswick last year with success. Her husband, Grantham's M.P., is Financial Secretary, War Department, a very full-time job these days

MR. L. W. "ROBINSON,"
WELL-KNOWN CORINTHIANAT THE IRISH TWO THOUSAND
AT THE CURRAGH LAST WEEKTALKING "HORSE": MRS. ROBERT SMYTH, MISS
BETTY MCCALL AND MISS BIDDY HOPE-JOHNSTONEMISS PATSY DIXON AND THE
HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEYH.E. THE GERMAN MINISTER
AND FRAU HEMPELMISS ALMA BROOKE AND MISS
ANNE STAFFORD-KING-HARMANMAJOR THE BARON DE ROBECK
AND SISTER, MRS. WALLER

Poole, Dublin

Ireland's Two Thousand Guineas Meeting drew all the sporting population, which was within reach, to Eire's racing G.H.Q. which at one time was also something like her "Aldershot." There was a real good field of sixteen for the big race and the victory of Cornfield must have been particularly gratifying to Mr. W. Barnett, for the colt is by Trigo with which he won our Derby in 1929. Cornfield is trained by F. Armstrong at Middleham, so England had a part in the victory. They had good fields all through the card, and the Corinthian Plate which brought up the rear had fourteen runners. Mr. L. W. "Robinson" (see above) had a ride in it on his own Kiddie Sister. He has just had his licence to train granted him and has taken over "Boss" Croker's establishment at Glencairn where Orby, the Derby winner, was trained. Miss McCall, seen in the next picture, is a daughter of the manager of Mr. Marshall Field's stud in Co. Westmeath and Mrs. McCall is a sister of Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who has such a big hand of cards to play in our Derby. The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley is another who is closely connected with Ireland's training interest, as she is the wife of the Hon. Gerald Wellesley, who trains in Kildare. The German Minister to Eire is Dr. Eduard Hempel, and racing apparently is one of his relaxations. Both Miss Brooke, daughter of Sir Francis the M.F.H., and Miss Stafford-King-Harman are well known with the Kildare Hounds, and the latter's father, Sir Cecil, is a steward of the Irish Turf Club and an owner. Baron de Robeck has a long Kildare connexion, as many members of the family have had the hounds—three masterships



FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROGERS IN THE TITLE RÔLES OF R-K-O'S "THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE"

The king and queen of dance go into action together again, this time as Vernon and Irene Castle, who comprised the first internationally famous dance team. In this scene Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are doing the "Castle Walk," which was the popular dance of the era just before the War. This picture will be seen very shortly in London, no actual date having been fixed at the time of going to press. Another photograph of Fred Astaire appears on page xxvi of this issue

READER, it is not often that I ask for sympathy! I do not ask it even now. What I suggest is that you should give intellectual consideration to the plight of one who, with a whole page of THE TATLER to fill, cannot speak his mind about the matter in hand. Or can he? The temptations to avoid truth-telling are many. I have a very considerable admiration for Miss Daphne du Maurier, the original inceptress of the spot of bother at the Regal Cinema. She is the author of what I regard as the most original, truth-telling, and accomplished biography of modern times, the book called "Gerald" which tells the life story of her father. Miss du Maurier is also, to judge from the novel called "Rebecca," the possessor of the best-selling world's most valuable secret. This is the secret of how to be good, but not too good. I once asked the late A. B. Walkley to what he attributed the success of the French dramatist, Eugène Scribe. He replied: "Scribe always took great care never to be better than second-rate!" Miss du Maurier's novels encircle the world; if they were a shade better they would hardly go round Clapham Common. This writer thinks, or pretends to think, what the vast generality of people who cannot write like to see set down in words. In an omnibus containing fourteen people, you will find that sixteen have read Miss du Maurier's novels, for that number includes the driver and the conductor! This is a talent for which I have the highest admiration.

Consider, too, that Mr. Charles Laughton and half the cast of this film are personal friends of mine. How, then, can I be expected to speak my whole mind about this schoolboy nonsense? Let me see what somebody else has to say about the film of *Jamaica Inn*, and let that somebody be the gentleman in charge of this film's publicity. Here, in brief, is what the makers of this picture ask us to believe about it:

"Make way for Sir Humphrey Pengallan!—Laughton's greatest creation in Daphne du Maurier's sensational novel of which over a million copies have been sold—Unparalleled love romance—Tumultuous, flaming adventure—Absorbing

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

The Truth About "Jamaica Inn"

romantic interest—A throbbing drama with colourful characters—Their lives and loves—Their hopes and dreams—A story with the lusty force of an Atlantic gale—Depicting the wild days when the Law reached no further than a musket shot—Wreckers led by a mad genius in Cornwall's lawless days—The most elaborate, expensive, and important picture yet made in Britain—It has the epic sweep of the master, Alfred Hitchcock, and is produced by the most famous of international producers, Erich Pommer."

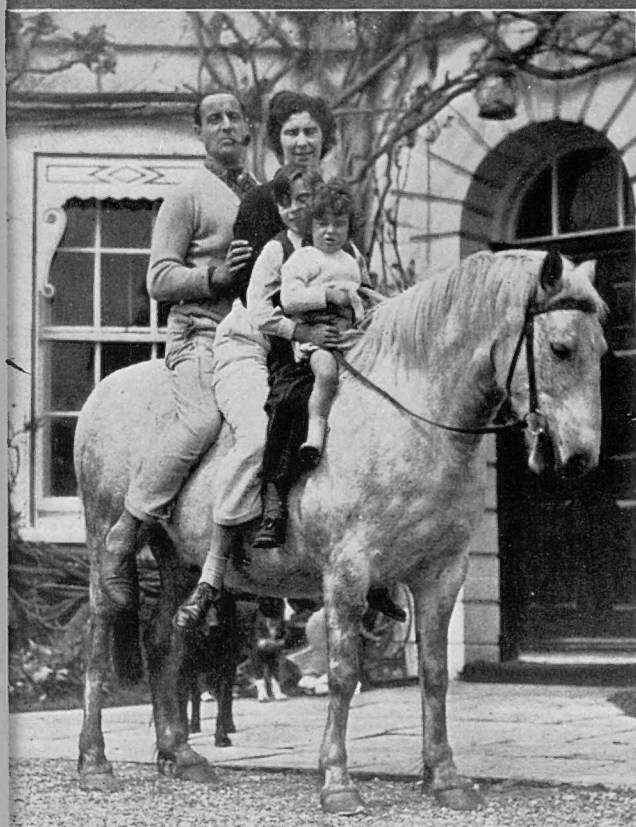
Does Mayflower Pictures expect anybody but servant girls to be impressed by this? I cheerfully agree that every servant girl in the land will dote on this picture!

Yet I can see how the notion came about that the novel of *Jamaica Inn* might make a good film. There was the character of Sir Humphrey Pengallan, who, of course, is Stevenson's Weir of Hermiston, only drawn less well. There is enough of this character left—the implication of insanity, and the snippets of quotation from Shakespeare, Burke, and Byron—to indicate that in the original Sir Humphrey is elaborately drawn. And then there was the Cornish coast, treacherous alike to sailing ships and scenario mongers. Yes, it must all have promised extremely well! I think disillusion first set in with the first shot of Sir Humphrey's manor house. I do not know whether it was the layout, the size, the Dandy-Sadlerism, or the sheer glossiness of the apartments which accounted for my immediate and complete disbelief in Sir Humphrey and everything about him. Mr. Hitchcock should, before making this film, have reminded himself that the mark of the Englishman of the period with which the book deals, was not the dirt of the lower classes, but the grubbiness of the upper. Whatever the reason I had no belief that Mr. Laughton's Sir Humphrey was alive and doing this and that nefarious thing in Cornwall, in the way in which I believed in the theatre that his Man with Red Hair was actual and up to the monkey tricks indicated by Sir Hugh. The whole performance seemed to me to be "screeny," by which I mean the film equivalent of "stagey." It had obviously been put together in the studio, at the same time as the eyebrows and the nose. Perhaps what most precluded my belief in the character was the actor's obvious delight in his own creation. One was conscious not of Sir Humphrey revelling in Sir Humphrey's gusto, but Mr. Laughton revelling in Mr. Laughton's actorship. The result was that long before the end, Sir Humphrey, far from being in the picture, becomes an excrescence upon it. The smuggling scenes were good in a schoolboy sort of way. But frankly I am unable to believe in young ladies in evening dress scampering about Cornish coasts and hoisting warning signals in the teeth of a gale and a band of desperate smugglers. I came to dread every visible porthole, crevice, or other aperture lest Miss Maureen O'Hara should scream down it. Also I think that when two people emerge from the sea in which they have been swimming for twenty minutes, they should appear to be a little more than damp.

But the oddest thing about the direction was its strange air of unreality. Obviously real coaches-and-four were driven up to an inn which looked as though it had been painted on cardboard by an admirer of Vlamincx. And then what I shall call the spoofing was not too well done. It should not be manifest that ships driven on a hostile coast during a storm at night are really cockleshells being photographed in a bathroom. When the ship, being heroine warned, went about turn, she took no more time in doing it than it takes to turn a paper boat. And then again, I really do think that a deck on which tons of water have just descended should not remain bone dry! These things would not matter if what I believe to be the spirit of the novel had been transferred to the screen. In my view it wasn't. Indeed, I had the notion that the picture in its alternations between lonely house and smugglers' cove was a queer combination of *Wuthering Heights* and *Peter Pan*. Half of the best actors and actresses on our stage have been uselessly and expensively employed. For example, it does not need a Mary Jerrold to appear for ten seconds as a housekeeper and say: "This way, miss!" at a hundred pounds or so a minute. No, if this is "epic sweep" then give me a French picture where, with the help of an empty railway siding and his own full imagination, a Jean Gabin will give you a masterpiece.



SEND GROVE: COUNT AND COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER'S ATTRACTIVE SURREY ABODE AT WOKING



UP TO WEIGHT AND CARRIES THE FAMILY. COUNT AND COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER WITH COUNT PETER AND COUNT IVAN AS ADDITIONAL PASSENGERS



A NICE HALF-SPEED GALLOP: COUNT PAUL LEADING COUNT PETER

Some very much at home pictures taken at the beautiful eighteenth-century house where live Count and Countess Paul Munster and family, also livestock, some of which are included in the little gallery above. The house is as attractive inside as it is out, and this is saying a good deal at this moment when Wistaria adds to its many other adornments. The surrounding grounds entirely suit the house, and the very united family by which it is inhabited. The Countess Paul Munster is a daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Cyril Augustus Ward, R.N., a younger son of the late Earl of Dudley, and of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Charles Strutt. Her marriage to Count Paul Munster took place in 1929, and the young Count Peter arrived in 1931, and his younger brother, Count Ivan, in 1937. Countess Paul Munster's two sisters are Lady Stavordale, wife of Lord Ilchester's son and heir and Mrs. Michael Hornby, Lady Stavordale's twin sister. The son and heir, Count Peter, as may be gathered has equestrian aspirations, but mechanization is not outside his interests, for motor cars likewise intrigue him. Comment on the behaviour of the descendant of Balaam's talkative roadster seems superfluous!



(On right) PULL NEDDY! PULL MASTER!

Photos Swaeb

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

THIS being the Wednesday before Epsom and all the evidence for the two classics being now available, a Derby selection has to be made. Racing at Chester, though the greatest fun, cannot be taken too seriously with the exception of the Dee Stakes, which has twice produced Derby winners. This year it was won very easily by Triguero, who left his Newmarket form far behind. He is a charming horse of true Epsom type. He has won over a mile and a half, and is my selection for the Derby. At Lingfield, Hypnotist won equally easily over the same distance, but any colt with classic pretensions should slam Bold Devil at ten pounds. I make him out to be the alternative selection, and he is also a very nice horse.

Every soul on the face of the globe considers it incumbent on him or her to have a bet on the Derby. Even in our farthest flung outposts of Empire the natives are wagering in beads and sharks' teeth and keeping the "bush telegraph" red hot, and yet to back horses over a mile and a half at Epsom when one has only seen about three of them go more than a mile must border on the fatuous.

The Derby is never won by a non-stayer if there is a stayer in the field, and in the present deteriorated state of our horses, if you take two horses like Hypnotist and Triguero who have won over the distance, you have probably got the winner. It is extremely unlikely that in our Derby field there will be more than two who get the trip.

In this connexion I received a great shock on hearing a statement made by one of our most influential Turf authorities to a cheering and equally satisfied audience, that despite losing the Derby, the Gold Cup and about two hundred other races last year to invaders, "British bloodstock stands as pre-eminent today as ever it stood." I suppose that accounts for the fact that in races for three-year-olds and upwards over middle or long distances, anything up to half the runners are French or American bred. The Jubilee at Kempton this year produced a high class field of horses according to our present standards and what is the result? Antonym, who is undoubtedly a really good horse, giving away lumps of weight in going made sloppy by torrential rain, made hacks of the lot. The second, who struggled gallantly, and the third not so gallantly were French bred. The others only got half-way on this easy mile and a quarter.

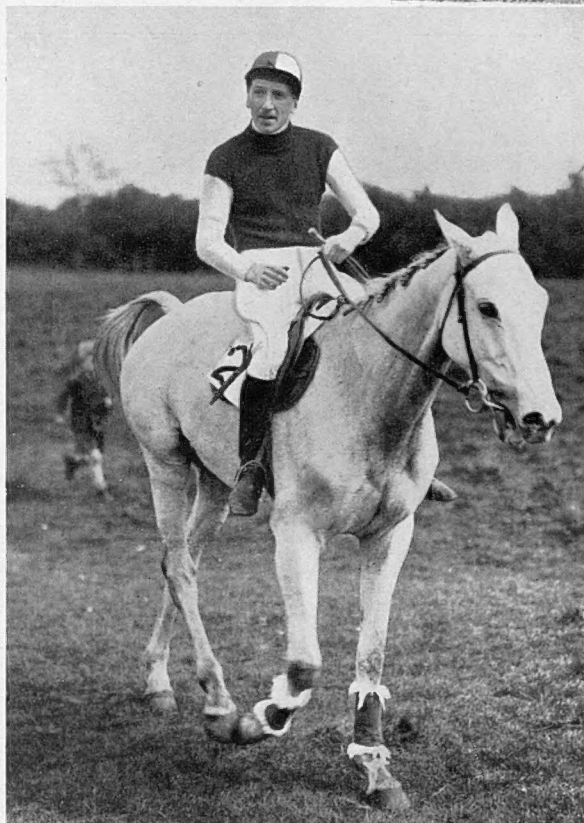
Despite this "pre-eminence of British bloodstock," horses in France have soared to famine prices, such is the British demand for them. If, however, no steps are to be taken to improve our horses (and on results it would seem that very drastic steps are needed) let us hope the powers that be will shorten the races down to their capabilities. Let us have the Guineas six furlongs, the Derby seven, and the Leger a mile. This would only upset the foreign breeders of stayers and we could go on winning huge stakes with sprinting two-year-olds, some of which would be bound to get six or seven furlongs as three-year-olds. These distances could, of course, be made even shorter as the "pre-eminence of our bloodstock" got even more marked. Joking apart, the matter should be taken in hand and not left to the clerks of courses who, if they try to improve their programmes, get no entries.

The winner of the Oaks always seems to be a lot easier to



AT LEAFY LINGFIELD

Lady Violet Powell, who is a sister of the Earl of Longford and the wife of Mr. A. D. Powell, sitting out with Lady Joan Colville between races at the beautiful little course. Hypnotist's win in the Derby Trial Stakes at this course made him third choice for the Derby and well-fancied by many



MR. R. F. WORMALD WINS THE YEOMANRY RACE AT THE GROVE HUNT MEETING

The Grove Point-to-Point run at Bolham, near Retford, was pretty nearly the last of the long list. Mr. Wormald (Yorkshire Hussars) won the 5th (Yeomanry) Cavalry Brigade race very comfortably on his own horse Pretty.

Three ran and two finished

find than that of the Derby, and surely this year it must be a good thing for Galatea, with Olein and Aurora for places. Manton, too, unlucky as they have always been with their Derby candidates, never seem to "throw out" with their Oaks runners.

Not having been at Chester I have no views on the particular case of the jockey who has been "stood down" for a month, but to the ordinary race-goer it seems that a sentence of this sort has a salutary effect instead of the endless "decided to accept the explanation," or even "cautioned as to future riding." In this case presumably other horses were badly interfered with, but that being so and not having seen the race it is hard to understand how the interference if bad enough to stand the jockey down did not disqualify the horse.

A move in the right direction has been made by adding further apprentice races to the Newmarket programmes, at the July meetings. These races generally being run over a mile and upwards, the horse has to be chosen more for its easiness and sheep-like habits than for its likelihood of winning. An urchin of about six stone has but a slender chance

of doing anything but balance on top of a large four-year-old for a mile or so and is generally too blown to ride any sort of a finish on any animal of this size. It does, however, get the lads out in public and gives them some sort of hope of one day being given real rides.

* * *

At the time of going to press, that is to say just after the Newmarket Stakes had been won by Sir Abe Bailey's Fairstone, the following are the quoted market prices of the most prominent of the Derby candidates:

3½ to 1 Blue Peter, 9½ to 1 Admiral's Walk, 11 to 1 Heliopolis, 11 to 1 Hypnotist, 12 to 1 Fairstone, 14 to 1 Triguero, 16 to 1 Fox Cub, 16 to 1 Meadow, 20 to 1 Signal Light, 22 to 1 Foxbrough II, 25 to 1 Dhoni, 25 to 1 Diadoque, 25 to 1 Wheatland, 25 to 1 Buxton, 25 to 1 Casanova, 33 to 1 Point Blank, 33 to 1 Tamworth, 33 to 1 Fairfax, 33 to 1 King Legend

FROM UP AND DOWN



MR. JOE WHITBURN AND LADY SERENA JAMES AT THE EATON HOUSE PARTY



LORD AND LADY ASHLEY: ALSO THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S GUESTS

OUR COUNTRYSIDE



ALSO AT EATON: MRS. CLOWES AND MR. IKEY BELL



Truman Howell

THE REV. J. S. D. RIDER AND FRIEND WATCHING SOME OTHER RIDERS



Truman Howell

ANGLERS ALL? THE HON. MRS. OSCAR GUEST AND DAUGHTERS OFF TO THE BANKS OF THE WYE



Truman Howell

LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. HENRY GUEST FISHING THE WYE

All the pictures at the top of this page are devoted to one of the recent house-parties given by that most hospitable host, his Grace of Westminster. Principal diversions: racing at Chester, hard by, and the fascinating pastime of lawn tennis. All of them went racing, but one of them certainly did not play tennis—that famous ex-Master of so many packs of hounds, Mr. Ikey Bell, who is not “trotting out sound” just at the moment. Mrs. Clowes is the wife of Major “Sainty” Clowes, a life-long friend of the Duke. Lady Serena James seen taking the air with Mr. Joe Whitburn, is Lord Scarbrough's only daughter. Lady Ashley, the former Mlle. Françoise Soulier, is as fond of her new country as she was of her old one. The Rev. J. S. D. Rider is not exactly what his name indicates, because he is a very good horseman—a rather different thing. He was busy watching ex-M.F.H. Sir James Croft ride a winner at the Clifton-on-Teme Point-to-Point. Mr. Rider is Caynham's rector, and used formerly to be in the Albrighton country, and has been known to whip into them if they were short-handed. Mrs. Oscar Guest and that popular personality, Colonel Henry Guest, her brother-in-law, were caught by the Wye, fishing from Wyecliffe House, Hay, and let's hope the sport was even better than the weather.



MISS ZORA HURSTON, AUTHORESS
OF "VOODOO GODS"

This amazing book, which has been published by Dent's, persuades even the sceptics of the truth of the assertion that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in most people's philosophy. Zora Hurston, the famous negro writer, is well qualified to write such a book as this, for she has spent some years in Jamaica and Haiti, making a study of this peculiarly black magic at first hand. This book is absolutely unique, because it tells the inside story of Voodoo by an initiate.

is only a means to an end—well, no profession is inspiring which has only means for its ambition. Taking them on the whole doctors do far more good than clergymen, and are, as a rule, far better examples of practical Christianity. I am sure that a doctor's consulting-room hears far more vital confessions than any confessional box. In the great moments of life there is no room for hypocrisy, little for self-deception. It gives to the medical profession a rare opportunity to bring peace, consolation, and courage and that sympathetic understanding which can never be taught in any college, but which any doctor, who is so much more than a medical practitioner or specialist, can give—providing, of course, he is that kind of man. As, thank Heaven! so many of them are. The ordinary family doctor, more so than the specialist. I know that a family doctor is not nowadays considered a necessity, yet no family has a better friend in the hour of need than he. So to speak, he understands the case before actually it becomes one—which the specialist can never do.

What an ordinary doctor can mean to ordinary people in the hour of their need is a wonderful story, once again wonderfully told in a book, "The Horse and the Buggy Doctor" (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.), by Arthur E. Hertzler.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

American Country Doctor.

WHEN those horrid people—not so common nowadays as formerly, thank Heaven!—push in front of you their horrid "confession" book, asking you to fill in your favourite colour, Christian name, etc., there is, at any rate, one question which makes you pause seriously to think. It is: "What would you be if you could change your profession?" Well, I always write "doctor," though I should probably be a very bad one, and, psychologically, I am certain I should be an atrocious surgeon. But, for me, a doctor's life is one of the most splendid, if, so to speak, it is undertaken splendidly. If it

Doctor Hertzler is an American. He was born and brought up in the wilds of Kansas more than sixty years ago. His own determination, initiative, and interest in medicine made him what he became. He had to win his spurs alone and unaided. He was, however, a doctor born. After he had taken his degrees he returned to Kansas, and his description of a doctor's life in those days, fifty or sixty years ago, far away from anything approaching civilisation as we now know it, is a description of almost overwhelming hardship and handicap. There were no telephones in those days; the only means of conveyance were walking or driving miles in an old buggy over roads, or across the prairie, which made only the slowest form of speed humanly possible. Yet when the call came he answered it at once, no matter how far away or how difficult the journey. Dangerous snowdrifts, floods, appalling blizzards—he had to face them all, and never once did he turn back. His formula was children first, then women; lastly old men. Sometimes he was paid, often he was not. Yet he never shirked a call: he was a doctor: his conscience refused to risk tragedy through neglect. Later on, when he became more established, he cut himself adrift and for two years went to study in Germany. His speciality was to be pathology and psychology.

When he returned to America he combined lecturing with his profession, and scraped enough money together to build a small hospital of his own—a venture which came to grief, simply because, as he expresses it, for the architects, the builders, those who should have come forward with service for the good of all, he was merely a "cow," which, in his predicament, was an easy animal to milk. Nevertheless, towards the end we find him as a famous surgeon, a specialist, yet still a medical practitioner whose patients are his friends, and to whom they come in their anxiety or pain. Dr. Hertzler tells us little about himself, but, nevertheless, he builds up a self-portrait which is lovable to a degree. Through his expressed opinions, by his pity and understanding of the various cases which came to him in his professional capacity, we come really to know an intensely interesting man. And what inside knowledge may be learned through reading this truly delightful book! Among it the fact, which most people have long suspected, that many operations need never take place. The specialist, who finally decides, only sees the symptoms; the

medical practitioner can delve into the causes. Once the causes have been removed medical attention may often do the rest. And the history of these causes is each one a human story of real life.

He writes: "No one understands as well as the family doctor that a great part of human suffering is not due to organic disease. Really, the sufferings caused by disease are for the most part, of short duration: many are not attended by any pain at all. The suffering of grief, whether it be due to circumstances beyond the individual's control, or if it be superimposed, endures throughout the years. It may be voluble or silent, but it is real. In the passing of the old family doctor these patients have lost their best friend, and their chief protector." This, then, is a story of a fine life told in a fine way. Told, too, with human sympathy and understanding, and, on occasion, with humour which makes one laugh. That is as it should be, because life is made up of such elements, and this is a story of life as one doctor of wide experience has heard it told through the confessional box of his profession and by his own personal experiences and observations.

Thoughts from "The Horse and the Buggy Doctor."

It is not the tragedies of childhood that hurt so much as the memory of them in later years. The child has no

(Continued on page 296.)



MR. GEORGE CROSS

The well-known hotelier and dealer in real estate, who has written an absorbingly frank and interesting biography entitled "Suffolk Punch," published by Faber and Faber, which will appeal to all who like the story of an uphill and successful struggle. It will also intrigue lovers of the countryside, of whom Mr. Cross is undoubtedly one.

ODD BUT PLEASANT HOURS OFF

The Army Has Little Time for Polo These Days



THE EDMUNDSBURY TEAM AT RANELAGH

(L. to r.) Captain A. H. Barclay, Mr. Jack Traill; Captain R. O. Critchley, and Captain G. H. Critchley



AND KIRTLINGTON

Major J. F. Harrison, Captain G. J. Kidston, Mr. A. M. Budgett, and Mr. R. A. Budgett



Pooler, Dublin

POLO IN DUBLIN: MR. LEO MARTIN, MAJOR T. W. KIRKWOOD, MAJOR "JOHNNIE" O'RORKE, AND MR. D. W. PHIBBS

In spite of all the "depressions" and cyclones, polo, like other things, carries on. Its backbone, the Army, though not given much playtime, snatches an hour or two off now and again, and at Tidworth they have been fighting it out for the Cup kindly given by Brigadier Heydeman on vacating the command of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade on promotion to a District Command in India and the rank of Major-General. The team that won his Cup was a 9th Lancer one. A polo match only takes about an hour, any old how, and so cannot very much interfere with training. The two pictures at the top have to do with the Colts' Cup at Ranelagh. Edmundsbury beat Kirtlington quite comfortably 10 to 5½ (rec. 1½). As to the Dublin picture, it is good to see all the staunch supporters of the All-Ireland P.C. still well to the fore, led by Major "Tommy" Kirkwood backed by Major "Johnnie" O'Rorke, another famous stalwart



Truman Howell

WINNERS OF THE HEYDEMAN CUP AT TIDWORTH

Captain J. H. Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Brigadier C. A. Heydeman (the donor), Captain G. E. Prior-Palmer, Captain K. J. Price, and Mr. W. K. C. Pulteney



Truman Howell

SPECTATORS AT TIDWORTH (PERHAM DOWN)

Mr. M. G. Hartigan, Mrs. Martin Clarke, and Captain and Mrs. G. W. Peck (all 3rd Hussars)

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

means of comparison. As far as he knows his is the experience of all, the inevitable thing of life. The pain does not come then."

"The public, taken on the whole, still occupies itself enthusiastically with placing obstructions in the path of progress."

"Most achievements follow the efforts of those too dumb to quit. Life is that way."

"The fates are in the end kind to the stubborn."

"Anyone who reaches the heights of his ambition never had an ambition. The mirage becomes a pool when one reaches the end of his labours, be he cobbler or philosopher."

An English Countryman.

And if Dr. Hertzler's book is, apart from other considerations, intensely interesting for the picture it paints of a world which nowadays would seem well-nigh primitive, so too, and for the same reason, is Mr. Henry Warren's new book, "Happy Countryman" (Bles; 7s. 6d.). This is not a story—rather is it a biography of an old farm-labourer, who tells us of the life and customs on a remote Suffolk-Essex border farm seventy and more years ago. Its great charm lies, apart from the delightfully intimate way it is told, in the world-apart picture it gives of life then, contrasted with life of to-day. So many rural habits and customs have changed or are lost. It is well that at least some of them should be preserved in memory—if only that we may read about them in a book.

Whatever the mechanisation of farm-life may have done for a speedier progress, it has undoubtedly robbed the farmer's and the farm-labourer's life of much of its poetry and imagination. To read of village life so long ago is to imagine an existence which has altogether vanished from the world. But what vitality it had, in spite of its remoteness from the modern rural conception of a worthwhile existence. In many ways so much happier; in many ways so much less comfortable. But, maybe because of its greater remoteness and, if you will, greater narrowness, so infinitely more friendly. Yet always so much harder physically. Well, perhaps that is no great affliction if it breeds such sturdy, independent, strong, courageous men as Mark Thurston, born in 1861, who, in this book, tells us of a farmer's life in his younger days. It proves—if proof were again necessary—that the more personal a man's work becomes the more he takes a pride in it, and the less he worries himself about overtime and wages. It becomes his craft, a part of his own personal life.

"My," he continued, "you should have seen some of the 'osses we went to the fairs with in the old days. A carter would have as much pride in his master's 'osses as in his own children, pretty nigh. What with the bells, the brasses, and ribbons, it was a rare sight to see some of the turn-outs. But a carter ain't got time to look after his 'osses like that any

more; no, nor inclination, either! . . . Say a tractor-driver is set to plough a field. Well, before he's half-way through the first morning's wuk the fumes have a'most sent him to sleep. Now, whoever heard of a *ploughman* falling asleep at his job? Or a carter? No, they ain't the same thing at all. It don't pay for a man to have any pride in his wuk to-day: he'd soon be gettin' the sack for wasting his master's time!"

Yes, it is good that such memories of old country days should be preserved for us—even though in life there is no turning back, however wise might be that turning sometimes. In this charmingly written book the life of a farm seventy-odd years ago, together with the life of a village of the same

period, is enchantingly re-suscitated. Those wise readers who already know Mr. Henry Warren's other books of country life and character will know how enchantingly.

Flat-dwellers' Vade Mecum.

Either you are a happy flat-dweller—or you aren't. I'm an "aren't," but I can, nevertheless, understand the attraction of living in a flat—providing it isn't one of those huge blocks of working-men's modern habitations. The charm of a flat is that you can so easily get out of it without endangering your domestic responsibilities. Bang the door behind you—and that's that!—or almost that. But if you are a home-lover I can realise that a flat is not for the likes of you! You simply can't rampage spiritually in a suite. There is a mental and physical depression about three hundred other families encircling you as in a vice. At least, there would be for me.

Nevertheless, granted that you are a flat-dweller-and-like-it, here is a book which you must buy and keep: J. L. Martin and S. Speight's "The Flat Book" (Heinemann; 5s.). If there is anything it fails to tell you which you should know about flats—how to choose them, how to furnish them, how to live in them—I simply cannot imagine what it is! Surely it tells you everything! How to make a room look lower; how to make it look larger and lighter; how to overcome architectural difficulties; how to preserve space; how to

decorate; how to furnish every room to its best advantage how to install this labour-saving device and that, and—a most useful addition this—where to live according to your requirements and where to satisfy your requirements when you have decided where to live.

There are over four hundred illustrations, so you can see exactly what the effect will be. It is the most practical little book imaginable. Everything seems to be provided for in it—except, perchance, for that nice homely failing of creating a slight form of hugger-mugger. You simply can't "hugger-mugger" in a modern flat, where a newspaper or a magazine, a bit of knitting, or an unfinished letter immediately puts the whole decorative scheme out of joint. Rather like living all the while in a private suite on an Atlantic liner. Well, it makes for extreme tidiness and time is undoubtedly saved by all. For *what* I have never yet discovered convincingly. But, anyway, it's *saved*.



A CELEBRITY AT HOME

Elisabeth Bergner, with her sheep-dog "Boomsy," at her house in Surrey, Huntersdale, Virginia Water. This brilliant Austrian-born actress, who sets herself the highest standard, and whose diffidence about stage and screen triumphs is one of many engaging features of a very distinctive personality, has made England her home for some years, and she and her director husband, Dr. Paul Zinner, are naturalised British subjects. Of late, Miss Bergner has given her attention entirely to picture-making, her latest being the smash hit *Stolen Life* (in which "Boomsy" stole a scene). May we suggest that to see her in a play again would delight London?

PALM BEACH PARTY DRESS

Sir John and Lady Blunt
Entertain at Crullings



MR. AND MRS. TOM BUTLER,
FROM PEMBURY HALL, KENT



MISS M. KESSLER AND MR. HUGH LAMBERT



SUN-SUIT AND SIDE-WHISKERS: MISS
C. MONTEITH AND MR. DENNIS BRADLEY



MISS ANNE GREGORY, M.F.H.,
POSED WITH MR. PREVITE



LADY BLUNT, THE HOSTESS, WITH WALSH AND
BARKER, WHO DID SOME GOOD TURNS



HOST SIR JOHN BLUNT WITH MISS
JASMINE BLIGH, TELEVISIONIST



MRS. ROBIN WHITWORTH, MR. W. HARVEY AND MISS D. BLUNT

Photographs: Swaebe

The Palm Beach party given at their fifteenth-century Surrey home, Crullings, near Horley, by Sir John and Lady Blunt, was a very diverting affair. Instructions to dress appropriately gave plenty of scope, and feminine outfits ranged from silk pyjamas, as worn by Sir Robert Butler's daughter-in-law, to bright and briefer sun-suits. Scarlet shorts and a white shirt adorned the hostess, who, being Yorkshire

born (she was Miss Heather Harrison-Broadley), has hospitality in her bones. Giving guests a good time also goes well with Sir John Blunt, tenth Baronet. Miss Jasmine Bligh, neatly trousered, made a hit with her necklace of shark's teeth, and spiritualist Mr. Dennis Bradley's stuck-on side-whiskers were also admired. Miss Anne Gregory goes to the West Waterford as Joint to Miss Hickman next season



ST. GEORGE'S HILL AND BOODLES MEET FOR THEIR ANNUAL MATCH

This contest took place recently at St. George's Hill, and ended in a win for the home team, 12½ to 1½. In the accompanying photograph are some of those who took part. (L. to r.) W. S. Booth (St. George's Hill), Lt.-Colonel D. Parsons (St. George's Hill), Lord Monteagle (Boodles), Clive Dawson (Boodles), and D. McCormick (St. George's Hill)

NO sooner have we done with one unusual tournament than we have news of the next. Soon after returning from the highly enjoyable foursomes jamboree at Birmingham, I was talking to General Critchley: he told me that an idea we had often discussed in the past was about to become reality, and that Coombe Hill, of whose committee he is a member, would stage in the autumn the first professional and amateur singles knock-out tournament. What fun this is going to be! Briefly, the details are that they will probably limit the entries to 64, but may yet, if the idea goes with a swing, accept as many as 108. Matches will be over eighteen holes, and professionals will play level against professionals and amateurs against amateurs. When a professional meets an amateur he will concede two holes start. The amount of the prize-money is not yet decided, but it will be not less than £250, perhaps nearer £500—for the professionals, that is. The amateurs, I suppose, if any should figure in the winning list, would receive a trophy of some kind.

Despite the ceaseless variety of tournaments of which one is asked to take notice in the course of the year, I must say that I welcome the addition of this one. Direct competition between professional and amateur is healthy for the game, and equally healthy for both classes of participant. Furthermore, it will be the greatest possible fun to watch. Entries will, of course, be technically "by invitation," as in the Worplesdon foursomes, and unless the professional side of the tournament is handed over to the P.G.A., the play may be enlivened by the



GENERAL CRITCHLEY AND BUD FLANAGAN PLAY GOLF FOR £500 A-SIDE

A rumour got round London recently that Bud Flanagan, the other half of the famous "Crazy Gang" comedians, had suddenly departed this life, but that story was scotched the next day by the alleged corpse playing an excellent round of golf against General Critchley at Wentworth, for £500 a-side, the loser paying two shillings a month, unless he passes away in the meantime. The above photograph shows the loser, Bud Flanagan, handing over his first instalment to General Critchley

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

presence of such "outcasts" as Jack McLean and, if he is still in the country, Bobby Locke.

How much difference is there between the first-class amateur and professional other than, say, the first four—assuming, as one is not entitled to assume, that the amateur is not overawed by the reputation of his opponent? I suspect that this competition may show there to be less than most of us thought. I remember playing teams of "professors" as an undergraduate, and later watching other undergraduates doing so. Three up we used to receive—and it wasn't until we were all square at the fourth that we realised that the professional had only begun with the same figures that we were in the habit of accomplishing in ordinary circumstances. Then we came to our senses, settled down to play our ordinary game, and were quietly beaten by 2 and 1 or on the last green. And undergraduates, with a few notable exceptions, are but a shadow of the golfers that they turn into in later years, if their work permits them to continue to play regular golf. As a well-known amateur put it to me the other day, the British Walker Cup team that won at St. Andrews last year, could almost certainly have beaten the British Ryder Cup team that lost at Southport. That is only an impertinent expression of opinion, of course—though one with which I concur—but we shall be able to put it to the test at Coombe Hill in October.

I see no reason why a player of Hector Thomson's class, judging him on the standard he exhibited in the last championship, should not beat any professional in the world with a start of two up. Still, we shall see.

Reverting to the "True Temper" tournament at that very delightful course, Sandwell Park, I was happy to hear them announce that it was considered sufficiently successful to warrant their putting up another thousand pounds next year, though they may, I gather, make slight changes in the conditions, in order to raise the standard of ability at the bottom of the list. One or two players who are normally in the prize-money were saddled with such partners that, from the first tee shot it was clear that they had wasted their fare to Birmingham—though it is only right to add that no one complained openly about it, except perhaps the man who remarked mildly that, if his partner struck a really "on" day, which in his opinion was unlikely, he might well play down to 18!

By the way, I am informed by T. C. Bower that I was wrong in suggesting that the triple tie in which this foursome tournament ended was a "record." "There was a famous case," he says, "in the spring meeting of the Old Carthusian G.S. when the following couples tied for the foursome prize at four down: A. G. Bower and T. C. Bower; M. W. Tidd and P. Sechiari, two members of the Stock Exchange; and Halford Hewitt and H.H. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein." Some hilarity prevailed, I gather, during the replay at Worplesdon, and the last two couples again tied. What happened after that is not recorded, though I can scarcely conceive Hewitt and his royal partner being unsuccessful.

A HIGHLAND OCCASION IN LONDON



THE LONDON INVERNESS-SHIRE ASSOCIATION ANNUAL DINNER—By "MEL"

This was the fifty-eighth annual gathering of the men of Inverness condemned to live in London, the Association having been constituted in 1881. It was held at Grosvenor House. Lochiel, K.T., Chief of the Association, took the Chair, and filled that responsible position with honour and distinction. For the benefit of the uninitiated Southron, Lochiel is Colonel Sir Donald Walter Cameron of Lochiel, originally a Grenadier Guard, but commanding the 3rd Battalion the Q.O. Cameron Highlanders through the Great War and after it. Lord Dunmore, V.C., guest of the evening, was never a Highlander in the military way, because he was a 16th Lancer all his service, with detached intervals commanding Yeomanry and on the North-West Frontier of India. He was then Lord Fincastle. His son, the present Lord Fincastle, is a Captain in the 4th Battalion the Camerons, T.A., and proposed the toast of "The Visitors"

Ballet Rambert

First Night at the Mercury



MME. MARIE RAMBERT WITH HER
HUSBAND, MR. ASHLEY DUKES



MR. WHITNEY STRAIGHT AND
MRS. VINCENT PARAVICINI



LADY CHURCHILL, MME. REGIS DE OLIVEIRA
AND SIR LANCELOT OLIPHANT

BELOW: LADY ST. JUST WITH
LORD HINCHINGBROOKE



BALLERINA MAUDE LLOYD TALKING TO LORD AND
LADY MOORE AND LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT



MR. VINCENT PARAVICINI AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER SYKES

Mme. Marie Rambert, to whom English ballet owes a big debt by reason of her famous forcing house for young talent, opened her summer season last week at The Mercury, her own theatre, which her playwright husband, Mr. Ashley Dukes, directs. A charming evening, with the Ballet Rambert company once again showing a very high standard both technically and artistically. Given: a new ballet, *Paris-Soir*, which is by Walter Gore, and his first big work; Frederick Ashton's *Foyer de Danse*; Frank Staff's *The Tartans*; *Le Spectre de la Rose*, and Andrée Howard's delightful *The Mermaid*, which had Miss Maude Lloyd as première danseuse. The appreciative audience was, it will be observed, a distinguished one



COUNTESS SERGE ORLOFF-DAVIDOFF AND HER FAMILY

Marcus Adams, Dover Street

A very agreeable study of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's second daughter with her cheerful little girls, Tatiana, aged three, and Marina, who won't be two till the end of December. The marriage of the Hon. Elizabeth Scott-Ellis to Count Serge Orloff-Davidoff, only son of Count Alexis and Countess Thecla Orloff-Davidoff, at the Russian Church of St. Philip in Buckingham Palace Road, was the last big event of the London season of 1935. This young couple soon found a house to suit them in Hill Road, St. John's Wood, which is still their address. Like all the members of her family, Countess Serge Orloff-Davidoff is extremely musical, the 'cello, which she plays to admiration, being her particular instrument

THE OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW HUNT STEEPLECHASES



THE HON. JOHN AND
MRS. SKEFFINGTON



LORD AND LADY ABERGAVENNY (LEFT AND RIGHT),
LORD AND LADY LEWES (IN CENTRE)



MISS VIVIEN BENSON AND
MR. NIGEL COLMAN



SIR CHARLES OPPENHEIM, LORD ERLEIGH
AND LADY JOAN RUFUS ISAACS



A BIT OF 'LEVENSES: MR. C. H.
GREEN AND MISS CREINA CONSTANT
HAVING A SNACK



MISS SONIA DENISON, MISS ROSEMARY
BEALE-BROWNE AND MR. J. DUNCANSON

These steeplechases were, as usual, a real bumper success, and whoever was responsible—and many people think they know the ones who did all the real grind—deserve the greatest felicitation, to say nothing about laurel crowns or bay-leaves. They were run at Gabriel's, Marsh Green, between Edenbridge and Lingfield; course excellent, fields, ditto: twelve, seventeen, fourteen, and twenty-one being top figures. A really good achievement. There were five more or less local contests, with a race for the "Gunmen" thrown in and won by Captain Kitcat on his own "Black Jake." Lord Lewes, who is in the "Tins" (seen with wife, father and mother in picture at top), had a go in the Harewood Cup and finished third on his own horse, "Lonely Haine." The Marquess of Abergavenny, Master of the family pack (Eridge) since 1929, was for three seasons joint-Master of the O.S. and B., called by some "Mr. Jorrock's Own"—anyway, a good lot for a bit of fun. Miss Vivien Benson, seen with Mr. Colman, who also hunts in these parts, is the sister of Douglas and Trevor, whose names have been linked for so many years with the success of things. Lord Erleigh and Lady Joan Rufus Isaacs, who are with Sir Charles Oppenheim, are son and daughter of the present Lord Reading

NINE ARTS BALL IN DUBLIN



MR. DUDLEY WALSH GIVES THE HON. "BIDDY" CAMPBELL A LIGHT



ARTISTS IN WONDERLAND: MR. GEORGE ATKINSON, MRS. CRAIG, MR. DERMOD O'BRIEN, MRS. GEORGE ATKINSON, AND MR. CRAIG



MR. AND MRS. T. G. WILSON, WERE FIRST-PRIZE WINNERS



HOLD IT! MR. LEO WHELAN GETS LADY GLENAVY AND MR. FRANK McKELVEY TO SIT TO HIM



MR. HASSARD, MR. RUSSELL, MISS POST, MR. C. J. L. J. NIXON, MISS WILKINSON. BACK: MISS PARK, MISS MOONEY, MR. CECIL NIXON



MISS MELANIE LE BROCQUY AND MR. WALSH

Dublin annually goes six better than Chelsea by holding a Nine Arts Ball, and this year's version, at the Gresham, was well up to standard in the matter of fun and flights of fancy. Over a thousand dolled-up competitors were on parade, which meant an outsize task for the judges. These included two leading members of the Royal Hibernian Academy, Mr. Leo Whelan and Mr. Frank McKelvey, who are well represented at the 1939 R.H.A. Exhibition now showing in Dublin. Mr. Dermot O'Brien, President of the R.H.A., who is also an exhibitor at Burlington House, took part in a first-rate "Alice in Wonderland" tableau at the Nine Arts Ball. He can be seen impersonating the Young Man who questioned Old Father William, in the top group, together with Mr. George Atkinson, R.H.A. (Red Knight), Mrs. Craig (White Queen), Mrs. Atkinson (Red Queen), and Mr. Craig (White Knight). Lady Glenavy, also a Royal Hibernian Academician, brought her only daughter, the Hon. Beatrice ("Biddy") Campbell, international lacrosse player and ex-squash champion. Prize-winning Mr. T. G. Wilson, F.R.C.S.I., and his wife are well known in Irish sailing circles. Miss Le Brocquy, eighteen-year-old sculptress, is the youngest exhibitor at the current R.H.A. exhibition. Mr. Walsh is Junior Middle-weight champion, Dublin University

Photographs: Poole, Dublin



MISS ALISON MANSFIELD AND CAPTAIN HOLMES

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By REGINALD ARKELL

*Just a Little Revue
at the
Little Theatre*



*Bang upon the cymbals,
Beat upon the drum;
If you make sufficient noise
Anyone will come.
Never mind the melody,
Never mind the wit—
TOODLE-Oo, the new revue
Is absolutely It.*

From which you will gather that it takes all sorts of revues to make a world.

There is the small concert-party affair—just a mixture of songs, sketches and dances—and there is the happy-go-lucky musical comedy business, built on large lines round the faintest thread of story. The word "Revue" covers a multitude of theatrical sins.

If it is to run true to type, the revue should be an acid commentary on the times in which we live. It should be as caustic as Mr. Attlee's views on Conscriptio and contain nothing more spectacular in the way of scenery than Herr Hitler's moustache. Unfortunately for the revue-writer, the Censor denies us these harmless little personalities. Herr Hitler's moustache is sacrosanct and Mr. Attlee, for stage purposes, is utterly taboo. Mr. Low is allowed to do these things with his pencil, but Mr. Hulbert must lay his grease-paint regretfully aside.

What remains to the maker of modern revues? He is driven to steer an innocuous course between the cardboard Charybdis of the Hippodrome and the conventional shallows of the Crazy Gang. Joyous affairs, both, and very much to our personal taste, but not laid down on the lines of the Oxford Dictionary, which describes revue as "a series of scenes satirising current events."

Which brings us to Mr. Herbert Farjeon and his *Little Revue* at the Little Theatre. A cynic once said that a dramatic critic was like a eunuch, in that he knew how the thing should be done but could not do it. Mr. Farjeon has exploded this comparison between physical and mental frustration. He has seen so many revues, in his capacity of critic, that he knows the ropes as well as the next man, and his native wit enables him to put his critical theories into practice. Mr. Farjeon has the unique distinction of being a successful revue-writer at a moment when successful revue-writers can be counted on the thumbs of one hand.

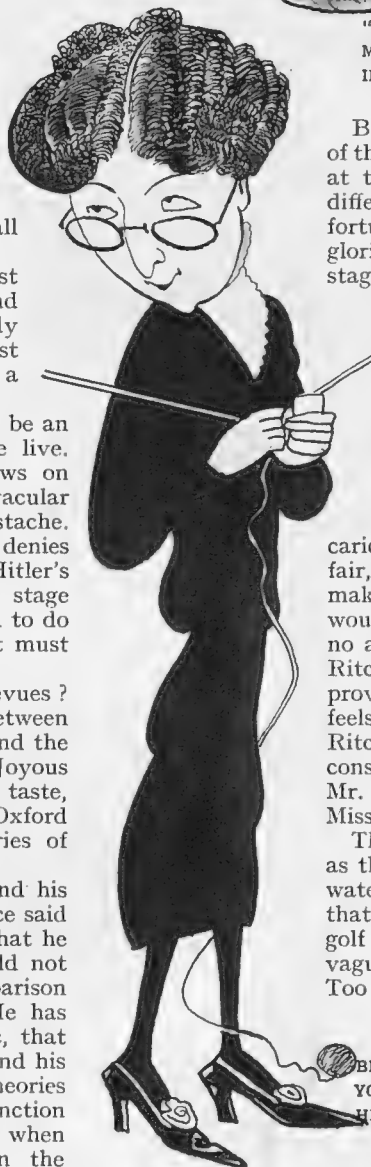
"WINTER IN TORQUAY": HERMIONE BADDELEY GIVES MICHAEL ANTHONY A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF "INSIDE INFORMATION" IN HERBERT FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE

But Mr. Farjeon can no more escape the futilities of the Censorship than the rest of us. The programme at the Little Theatre is a mirror reflecting a very different world from that in which we have the misfortune to be living at the moment. Apart from one gloriously pungent item, borrowed from the Paris stage, and a less significant variation of the "Umbrella Man" theme, he is forced to pay his dramatic debts with the small change of theatrical currency. This is said in no carping spirit. It is Mr. Farjeon's misfortune rather than Mr. Farjeon's fault.

What has been done has been done quite brilliantly. There is a skit on Glyndebourne opera and the "Christie" minstrels—"It must be good, we've come so far"—which has the astringent quality inseparable from dramatic caricature. It is unkind, of course, and a little unfair, but that is a tendency of the times. Also, it makes the job easier. Also, Miss Hermione Baddeley would introduce this scarifying element—author or no author. This is where she differs from Mr. Cyril Ritchard, who is only cruel to be kind—thereby proving himself the better artist of the two. One feels that Miss Baddeley loves to wound, while Mr. Ritchard uses an equally effective scalpel with the consideration of a really first-class surgeon. We like Mr. Ritchard, and that is not to say that we dislike Miss Baddeley.

Then there is Mr. George Benson, gloriously funny as the muddle-headed father floundering in the deep waters of adolescence, and modern adolescence at that. Poor Mr. Benson!—torn from his suburban golf course on a fine Saturday afternoon to nibble vaguely at a parental problem of the earlier 'nineties. Too bad! Mr. Benson turns up again in one of

Mr. Farjeon's best efforts, "How to Get There," which will appeal to any unfortunate who has worked his passage by bus, rail and tram from Richmond to Blackheath. This suburban odyssey and another sketch, "Winter in



BETTY ANN DAVIES:
YOU'LL REMEMBER
HER IN THE LAST
LITTLE REVUE

Torquay," find Miss Baddeley playing those devastating old ladies who have to be seen to be believed, while in "The Answer's a Lehmann" she returns to the more vitriolic mood in which she is willing to wound and not afraid to strike.

Members of the supporting company play their minor parts with major effect. Betty Ann Davies is marked out for stardom in this difficult medium; and among the men, Gordon Little, Bernard Miles and Michael Anthony are continually catching the eye. Of the guest artist, Miss Joyce Grenfell, who provides her own material, it is only necessary to say that she is as funny as the Fish Man who was so outstanding in the last revue at this house.

It takes a woman to deal faithfully with the little foibles of her sex. You will remember Miss Gertrude Jennings upon the warpath, and there is a certain play now running at the Lyric Theatre which carries on the good work—but Miss Grenfell is not of these.

Her talents remind us of Miss Ruth Draper, and we fancy that she could probably hold an audience for a couple of hours just as securely as she holds them for ten minutes at the Little Theatre. Her main item is a cameo of a woman addressing a Women's Institute on the subject of those Helpful Hints which are found in the pages of the more feminine sixpenny magazines—how to make bed-socks for your husband out of the sleeves of his red flannel nightgown, and so on.

Actually, Miss Grenfell concentrates on the transformation of a biscuit tin into a waste-paper basket—for "hubby's den," we must presume. We do not propose to give away her little secret—as critics say of a mystery play—but she exposes the pathetic little subterfuges of the synthetic home with a firm yet not unfriendly touch.

At a later appearance, Miss Grenfell takes a trio of mothers under her



HERMIONE BADDELEY AND CYRIL RITCHARD DIAGNOSE
MAGYAR MALADIES IN DARKEST PAPRIKA



JOYCE GRENFELL, WHO TELLS YOU HOW TO
TURN A BISCUIT TIN INTO A WASTE-PAPER BASKET

wing, and how she debunks the possessive parent is nobody's business. If we were a modern daughter, we should like to have Miss Grenfell for a mother—or should we? Mightn't she be up to our little games and leave us shivering in the cool draught of maternal understanding? All mothers and all daughters should sit at the feet of Miss Grenfell and compare notes as the Rolls-Royce is trying to wangle its way out of the congested by-ways of the Adelphi.

The success of these guest artists—solo performers who bring along their own material—provides an interesting answer to the suggestion that Variety is dead. True, we miss the robustness of the single act of Yesterday. We doubt if the Fish Man or the Women's Institute Woman would be so happy at the Holborn Empire as at the Little Theatre. Their art inclines to the miniature rather than to the broad sketch, but the personality is there, coupled with the courage to face an audience single-handed.

One of these days a manager will take a small theatre and stage a variety programme of this newer kind. He will cut out the trappings of revue and give us a string of artists capable of standing on their own feet and supplying their own acts. It will be an interesting experiment.

Mind you, some of us will regret this refinement of the old Music Hall. Lovers of the old order agree with George Jean Nathan that in every effective personality one finds a suggestion, however small, of the gutter. "In the soul of every fetching man," says Mr. Nathan, "there is a streak of ingratiating commonness; in the heart of every alluring woman, a touch of calico."

This dictum applies to nothing so much as to the stage. Over-refinement is the curse of our profession—our young men are young ladies and our young ladies are only a little less ladylike. They pass from Roedean to the R.A.D.A., and the rich humanity of Gracie Fields is all that remains to remind us of the guts and gusto of yesterday.

But we were considering Mr. Farjeon and his *Little Revue*, and why should we permit the shade of Marie Lloyd—or of Vesta Victoria, for that matter—to cast a temporary gloom over these joyous proceedings? Mr. Farjeon has his audience well in hand. They come to laugh, and by gad, sir, they do!

Priscilla in Paris

THE Salon, 1939, held as usual at the Grand Palais, is a rather tidier affair than we hitherto have been accustomed to, Très Cher. The hanging committee seems to have parked the pictures with a certain concern as to the tendencies—or do I mean tricks and habits?—of the artists, with the result that one loses far less time getting around to the sort-of-kind-of-stuff one wants to see. Not that I have any special desires that way personally. I take my Art as it is thrust at me with rather more philosophy than any real comprehension of the various movements. Indeed, I still find it difficult to remember that the Salon is composed of the “Sté. des Artistes Français” (which, I suppose, is the equivalent to the London Royal Academy), and the “Sté. Nationale des Beaux Arts,” which was formed as a result of a revolution on the part of the “moderns.” I have even greater difficulty, when I am at the Grand Palais, in remembering which is which, but this year I was given quite a good tip. At the Nationale the floor carpet is greenery-yallery, while at the Artistes Français it is brown! (May the gods be kind to me, and prevent my young friend and art expert, Ida Davis, from reading this!)

At the Nationale, one finds Van Dongen's full-length portrait of Berry Wall, which, by the time this reaches you, will have been reproduced *ad nauseam* in all the “illustrateds.” From sheer cussedness, I prefer his other portrait, of the actor Jules Berry. The only point these two gentlemen have in common is their liking for queer *lingerie*. Mr. Berry Wall goes all fantastic over his collars, while Julius is Brummelish about his cuffs. One could have seen this better if he had not been painted with his hand in his pocket! There is also a fine portrait, by Guirand de Scevola, of the editor, M. Baschet, of *Illustration* fame. Cosson, who is by way of being the Degas of to-day, shows a delightful picture, “The Dancing Lesson.” Fontanarosas exhibits a Spanish group that is a wonderful colour study. J. A. Watson's almost inevitable harbour scene (no complaints) is one of the finest things this Scottish-with-a-dash-of-French artist has done. It is a big canvas of the Port of Marseilles (and I can almost smell the *bouillabaisse* at Basso's), with a winding road and houses in the foreground. Marseilles is seen in the haze and smoke of the far background, and there is a fine feeling of movement and life about the quays, shipping, and water-traffic. It's done in blues and greys, with an occasional splash of colour in the houses and boats. Nevill Lytton shows an excellent portrait of Lord Lytton in Court robes; there are romantic landscapes by Humphrey and Jackson; a very classical portrait of “Higginson, Esq.,” by Le Vine; a solemn one of Mr. Justice Dickinson by de Gallais; “Flowers” by Mrs. Carrick Fox; “Miss Griselda Gould” by Crealock; and a most amusing portrait of a porcelain, blue-eyed Van Dongen by Anita Murphy. There must have been a hair of the dog that bit her in one of her brushes! This is one of the best rooms, for size and lighting, that have been allotted to the “Nationale,” and it was a pretty compliment to the *entente cordiale* that it was almost entirely reserved for British artists.

The Artistes Français also gave up their best room to the visitors, and it is dominated by Salisbury's huge portrait of King George VI. Donald Wood's portrait of Neville Chamberlain has a day-long crowd in front of it. The work of the



A SCENE FROM THE NEW BAL TABARIN SHOW “UN VRAI PARADIS,” IN PARIS

That most famous of Paris cabarets, the Bal Tabarin, can always be relied upon to give a first-rate entertainment, but this time they have surpassed themselves with their new production, *Un Vrai Paradis*, a very apt title. Above is a scene representing the Garden of Eden, with Jerry Grey as the Devil and Jeanne Francis as the Serpent. Adam and Eve can be seen in the background, before committing the crime which led to their expulsion from the Garden, and to the subsequent misfortunes of the world



JERRY GREY AND JEANNE FRANCIS IN ANOTHER POSE IN “UN VRAI PARADIS”

late de László is represented by his portrait of André Maurois, and that of an Indian Prince. Amongst the Frenchmen exhibiting at the “A.F.” are J. E. Blanche—as young and as vigorous in his work as ever—who is sentimental over Spanish refugees; Etcheverry, who may have the brush of an artist, but who certainly has the eye of a camera-man; Jean-Gabriel Domergue, for whom I have a horrible weakness, his smart, sinuous damsels and boulderish *métèques* are so perfectly *de leur époque* (which is our own), and I enjoy the insolent way he slaps it all down on the canvas; Didier

Pouget, one of the pillars of the “A.F.,” whose inevitable heather-mixture landscapes always make me feel bilious; Jouve, who gives us a tiger in what one of the critics called “sober desert colours” (I didn't know that there were tigers in the desert!), and there is a very fine portrait of a beaver, H.M. Abd-ul-Medjid, captive under Abdul Hamid, later a Sultan, and now a peaceful inhabitant of Nice, by Guillonnet. Another good portrait is of the authoress, artist, traveller, musician, and all-round good feller, Mme. Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, by Perrault-Harry, but he seems to have caught her in a fit of sulks. The years 1914-18 still inspire Georges Leroux, who exhibits a grim “Souvenirs des Épargnes,” showing two soldiers digging a grave, while two others are examining the papers of their dead comrade. But here endeth my brief notes, for at this point I adjourned for the “nicecupper tea” that I consider had been well earned.

PRISCILLA.



**A STUDY OF AN ARTIST'S MODEL BY DRIAN—AT HIS EXHIBITION
AT THE WALKER GALLERIES**

There are between thirty and forty works by the famous French painter in this exhibition, which opens at the Walker Galleries in New Bond Street on May 25, and continues till June 21. To introduce anyone of the calibre of Drian is entirely unnecessary. Everyone knows what he has done in the past: everyone will want to know what he has done in the immediate present. He is probably kept busier than any other contemporary portrait painter. Drian is one of the finest of our moderns, a modern being separated by a wide and impassable gulf from the "modernist," of whose inanities the world is far too full. One of Drian's recently finished commissions has been a portrait of the Baroness de Rothschild, who sat to him in Paris

THE ENGLAND BALL

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD GRENFELL AND
MISS D. ROYDS, PROGRAMME-SELLERLORD ASHBROOK SUPS WITH MRS. EVAN GIBBS,
THE FORMER MISS MONICA WYLBOR-SMITHMISS AUDREY BEAUMONT-NESBITT AND
MR. F. J. C. BOWES-LYON, GRENADIERSMR. LESLIE HANSEN AND LADY JEAN
McDONNELL, LORD ANTRIM'S SISTERMR. AND MRS. G. LANGLEY-TAYLOR
BROUGHT THE LARGEST PARTYMR. G. LANYI, FROM HUNGARY, WITH MISS HELEN
FAUDEL-PHILLIPS WHO ARRANGED THE CABARETSIR DIGBY AND LADY LAWSON BOTH WORKED
HARD, AND SHE WAS ON THE BALL COMMITTEEMR. AMBROSE CONGREVE AND LADY MARY
MANNINGHAM-BULLER TALKING IT OVER

The England Ball, which recently kept the camera busy at Grosvenor House, was in aid of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, the value of whose admirable efforts to hand on beauty to posterity is being more and more recognised. The Council's President is Lord Crawford whose third daughter, Lady Mary Manningham-Buller (photographed with Lady Helena Congreve's son), helped entertain his Ball guests. Mr. G. Langley-Taylor, for whom see centre, is not only an ardent member of the Council but also Chairman of the Hughenden Trust which has saved Disraeli's old home and several hundred acres for the nation. Mrs. Langley-Taylor was a very hardworking vice-chairman of the England Ball



Dewar's
"White Label"
It never varies



A GIPSY SCENE NEAR WEST

By GYPSY



TWARD HO, NORTH DEVON

RUSSELL



On Sure Ground—with
WILLS^S GOLD FLAKE—THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE

THE BALLETS JOOSS

A WELCOME RETURN TO LONDON



IN "A SPRING TALE": HANS ZÜLLIG (THE PRINCE), ELSA KAHL (THE QUEEN), AND ELLA SÖDERBAUM (THE PRINCESS)



AT THE WOMEN'S COURT IN
THE "SPRING TALE" BALLET



ELSA KAHL WITH ROLF ALEXANDER (THE HUNTER), AND HANS GANSERT
(THE KNIGHT)



Photos.: Baron, Grosvenor Street
IN "CHRONICA": (CLARISSA) NOELLE DE MOSA
AND ELSA KAHL (HER MOTHER)

Kurt Jooss and his world-famous ballet come back to us, greatly to London's joy, this month, and open on May 22 at the Old Vic, with one of their newest, *Chronica*, which should be extremely amusing, because it is all about the ruler of a State who will not permit anyone to do anything that is not precisely to his liking. He is so downright that he even selects the people with whom his subjects may fall in love. This Olympian person is very handsome, so no one who may think the cap fits them can possibly take offence or threaten war over it! Elsa Kahl plays a prominent part in this adventure, and also in *A Spring Tale*, a little bit of swansdown which, like all really good fairy-stories, will allure both the very young and likewise the not so young. There is a Queen, a Prince and a Princess, a Knight and a Huntsman; in fact, all the necessary ingredients, including a haunted wood and a most benevolent Hermit. Both these ballets are brand-new, and there is also another new one in preparation, *Cross Roads*. We are also to have many of the old favourites during the month that the Ballets Jooss are to be with us



Crisp

THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND CRICKET XI.

The side which had a recent little knock-up with Sandhurst on the R.M.C. ground. In spite of what are called the "exigencies" of the Service, even soldiers are allowed a bit of relaxation now and again. The result was a win for Sandhurst by 154 to 152. The names in the picture are, l. to r. (back): J. B. Peters (scorer), Lt. J. S. S. Gratton, Lt. E. S. Purcell, Lt. A. H. Buckham, Captain D. Affleck Graves, Sgt. Cox, L/Corp. Pedrick, and H. C. Gray (umpire); (seated) Lt. C. F. Grieve, Lt. B. R. M. Hayles, Captain A. J. D. Turner (captain), Lt. A. A. E. Jones, and Lt. R. Stuart

IF Der Führer were King of England and was contemplating a voyage from, say, London Bridge to Southend, it is probable that he would travel by pocket battleship escorted by the entire German Navy and an advance guard of mine-sweepers.

Touching and concerning an Obituary recently published in America, it may occur to some people as very strange that we have neither seen nor heard anything of Mr. Charles Chaplin for quite a while.

There is also a story current that an eminent specialist who was summoned to Berlin to see an equally eminent patient, after being kept waiting for a considerable time, was ushered into a vast chamber, where he found to his amazement no fewer than eight gentlemen waiting to see him, each one an exact replica of his patient.



Poole, Dublin

LADY ROSSE AND HER DAUGHTER AND LORD FFRENCH AND HIS NIECE ALL AT THE DUBLIN SPRING SHOW

The Spring Show at Balls Bridge is just a preliminary canter for the big one in August (8 to 11), but always very good all the same. Lady Rosse was in the jumping enclosure when snapped with her daughter by a previous marriage, Miss Susan Armstrong-Jones, and Lord Ffrench, over from Castle Ffrench, Ballinamore, had his niece, Miss Freda Ffrench, with him

Pictures in the Fire



"A.P.H." AND THE ROWING BELLES

The famous author and legislator shaking hands with Miss G. M. Barnes, the stroke of the Civil Service W.R.C. who laid the Oxford W.B.C. out pretty cold—a three lengths' win in the recent Chiswick to Barnes race

One of the first people to discover the truth of the saying that "Silence is Golden" was the last of the snakes that the blessed St. Patrick booted out of Ireland. He was a dragon and was far too full of himself and too fond of the sound of his own voice. St. Patrick gave him the lockjaw and then pushed him into the ocean and turned him into the Great Sea Serpent, who occasionally makes an appearance in Loch Ness. And all this happened to that dragon because he could not stop bucking. The rough and toughs in *The Women* were nothing to him.

In case the legend about the dragon is not remembered in England and on the Continent, this is the way it goes. This



Truman Howell

SOME OF THOSE WHO WERE AT THE CLIFTON-ON-TEME POINT-TO-POINT

In the picture, left to right, Mrs. Anthony Allan, Sir Francis Winnington, who used to be in the Welsh Guards, and Miss Jean Thynne. This meeting was at Netherwood, near Bromyard, and, as will be observed, kept the pencilers pretty busy. Sir James Croft, ex-M.F.H., the North Herefordshire, won the Hugh Corbett Cup on his own horse

By "SABRETACHE"



THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF NORWAY
ARRIVE IN NEW YORK

H.R.H. Prince Olav has gone to New York to dedicate the Norwegian Building at the New York World's Fair, and a battery of cameras opened on him and the Crown Princess (formerly Princess Martha of Sweden) when they landed

last dragon in the world was far too big for his boots and he was suffering terribly from totalitarianism. One morning he stepped out of his cave, and wiping his snout with the back of one of his claws, he says, says he: "It's a dandy felly I am, no less. There's no one that has me bate! Saint Patrick or no Saint Patrick, I'm cock of the whole walk!" Off he dances down the road, chawing up a couple of pigs and all the eggs on a farm for



Truman Howell

ALSO AT THE CLIFTON-ON-TEME MEETING
Lady Rosemary Gresham and Mr. Edward Williams-Wynn, a nephew of the famous Master of the Wynnstays, Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, now senior Master in the Hound List. Lady Rosemary Gresham's husband, Mr. J. F. Gresham, had a ride at the meeting. Lady Rosemary herself is Lord Erroll's sister



Crisp

THE SANDHURST CRICKET XI.

A picture taken at Sandhurst when this side beat the Aldershot Command team in a friendly match. For the defeated enemy and result see opposite page

The names in the picture are, l. to r.: (back) S. North (umpire), the Hon. H. R. Grosvenor, P. Burridge, E. H. C. Garnier, A. N. E. Waldron, H. G. W. Shakespear, W. G. Stewart and H. C. Gray (umpire); (seated) M. R. Hazlehurst, M. R. F. Jones, A. L. McCall (captain), F. M. P. Osborne and M. A. Lowrey

his breakfast as he went, and knocking over a policeman at every corner with his tail. Eventually he fetches up outside St. Patrick's garden gate.

He gives it a kick and lets out an impertinent screech and then starts swearing and blaspheming something awful. St. Patrick, who, of course, had known all about the dragon's dirty doings long before he arrived, took no notice at all till he'd finished his last breakfast-egg and some marmalade. Then he goes to the front door and opens it sudden-like.

"Hullo, me buck!" says St. Patrick. The Dragon yelled with laughter, thinking how silly the Saint was to expose himself like that, and lets fly a sheet of flame and brimstone out of his ugly mouth—and he starts to yell and blaspheme worse than ever. The Saint just said a prayer and there was the Dragon fixed with the lock-jaw. He could not get his mouth shut, and a cold sweat of fear broke out on his brow. He fair got the shivers in spite of being so red-hot inside.

"How's that, me man?" says St. Patrick. "An' if I have many more of your capers I'll twist your tail betune your teeth and turn ye into a whiting!"

At that the Dragon began to cry, great red-pepper tears rolling down his face. "Annything but that, your riv'ence!" says he. "I'll be as good a dragon as ever was foaled if only ye don't turn me into a whiting swimming the salt sea in a circle all my life and never able to take bite or sup for me tail!"

"Well," says the Saint, "as you're reasonable I'll let you off that, but into the sea ye go, nevertheless, and from this day forth

you're the Great Sea Serpent, due to appear in the dog-days every mortal year to give the poor reporters something to write in their printed papers! Off ye go, or I'll unchain the dog!"

And all that happened just because that fool of a dragon would talk. Some say he is still in the sea; some others that he has come ashore. Who knows?

There is a moral to this tale of how a bumptious beast got swollen head, could not prevent himself being overwhelmed by the exuberance of his own verbosity, and had never been taught how to keep a civil tongue between his teeth. A dose of lockjaw would do a vast deal of good to many people whom you and I and the other chap know very well.



AMONGST THOSE WHO WENT TO KEMPTON

On the left, Mr. Gordon Hall-Caine, the Member for Dorsetshire East, with Miss Sara Sample, who is in the select band of lady racing owners, and on the right, braving the slush, for it was the world's worst day, Miss Betsan Winter Rose in a summery frock, and Miss Mollie McCann, daughter of Sir Charles McCann, Agent-General of Western Australia

POLO NOTES :: "By SERREFILE"

IT is not necessary to repeat that which we are being told by anyone and everyone who is being so kind as to write about polo in your daily contemporaries, namely, that we are doomed to a "quiet" season. Most of us knew that even before the Berchtesgaden and Munich tea-parties. We also knew that, owing to the incidence of the International contest for the ugliest cup ever designed, we should not have many of our own stars on the premises, and that there would be no visitors from America. We also knew that no teams from our Dominions or Colonies would be here, because they are all just as busy as we are sharpening their knives on their boots. We also knew that the soldiers and also the sailors were not likely to be let off the chain, because everyone down to the office-boy, and even the office cat, is infected by this stand-to atmosphere, which, personally, I believe has stopped the rot.

But why not count our blessings whilst we may? A one-horse race is never much fun for the spectators; a race in which they are all much of the same class very often produces a very good spectacle. The competitors in the minor fields of polo enterprise may give the public quite good value for money, even without the Baldings, Cecil Smiths, Tyrrell-Martins, Hitchcocks and Guinnesses. If only we realised it, we are rather lucky to have any play at all, whether between polo teams, the Wimbledon Wenchies, of whom I notice your lawn-tennis correspondent is so desperately fond, or between the stout lads who are the loyal subjects of King Willow. It might be too optimistic to say that we have a clean slate yet; but, anyway, I think it is a fairly safe bet to have a fiver on tranquillity until after everyone's corns have been cut. If a recent measure had been made universal, with no nice distinction between the goose and the gander, we could lay the odds and say: "To hell with the whole boiling of Siegfrieds and Julius Caesars!" It ought to be all hands on deck. Anyway, why mizzle about anything? When you have not got the thing that you love, you must love the thing that you have! A very sagacious Frenchman said that, and it is very good philosophy.

The surprising thing about season 1939 is that we have got such good entries for the best tournament of the year. There are twelve teams in the Inter-Regimental. We only had fourteen last year, when there

was no special snarl on. Two of the cavalry regiments then engaged, The Greys (winners) and The Royals, are absent on duty on that messy police job in Palestine, so why should we think that we are in anyway down the drain? We have nine teams in the Subalterns' Cup, which is well up to average, and just as good as we had last year, when we were not in a state of undeclared war.

As to dates, London is not going to see any ties in either tournament, bar the semi-finals and finals: *Inter-Regimental Semi-finals, June 13, and the Final, June 17; and the Subalterns', June 24, at Hurlingham*, for a change, it having before been played at



THE HON. MRS. G. A. MURRAY

On her pony, "Little Lucy," at Cowdray Park polo ground. Mrs. Murray is Lord Cowdray's third sister and, like the rest of the family, very keen on the great game



PART OF THE POLO HOUSE-PARTY AT COWDRAY

The fact that the owner is away and very busy in the U.S.A., being non-playing captain to our International side, does not stop polo at this hive of polo industry, and above are some of the recent house-party:

The names (l. to r.) are: Captain H. G. Morrison, Miss Bridget Smiley, the Hon. Mrs. Gurdon, a sister of Lord Cowdray, Mrs. Hirsch, Sir Harold Wernher and Mr. Whitebread

the now defunct Ranelagh, where, however, polo goes on as usual, but under the protecting wing of Hurlingham.

As to civilian teams, they having always been very dependent upon catching the crack soldiers to reinforce them, it was only to be expected that they would suffer a bit, because, under the present conditions of stress, the soldier is ordered to play only in his own back-yard, in a manner of speaking, and is not permitted to be as long away from his base as he has been in more peaceful times. Any side from the ships is, naturally, even less feasible. In normal times it is very difficult to collect a sailors' team; just now it is quite impossible, worse luck. The skipper of that fine 1936 Royal Navy side, not having to take over his brand-new command just yet, because the last of his eight ships will not have had the final lick of paint for a little while yet, is going into the ring with his Adsdean side, and I hope they will make hay while the sun shines. They will not win the Championship

(Continued on page 330)



SOME MORE OF THE COWDRAY POLO-PARTY

Watching the rest of 'em hard at it: Miss Bridget Smiley, who is a relative of Sir Hugh Smiley; the Hon. J. J. Astor, who played polo for Oxford last year; and Lord Milford Haven, who is a sailor and as keen on polo as his uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, another sailor

The Budget and the Motorist



**The lower price of Ford Cars
represents a difference which
will pay the extra annual licence
cost for a number of years.**



The Ford "Eight" at £115 sells at £13 less than any other "Eight" Saloon on the market. This initial saving covers the increase in taxation for more than three years. Since the taxation changes do not affect motoring costs this year, by buying a Ford "Eight" now you can ignore the Budget for four years.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX

FORD MOTOR GYMKHANA. A series of spectacular and instructive events of motoring interest. Also, the finals of "The Scout" Speedster Race; this race is open to Boy Scout Troops who make their own miniature car for the Competition; Brooklands, Saturday, June 17th, at 2.30 p.m. Book the date!



Stuart

GUESTS AT THE L.T.A.'S TEA-PARTY TO THE CHINESE

Bournemouth had brilliant weather and a full house for the finals of the Hard Court Championships. Kho Sin Kie, playing a brilliant game, beat his compatriot, W. C. Choy, 7-5, 6-1, 6-4, thereby winning the Men's Singles Championship. After the match, the L.T.A. gave a tea-party to the Chinese. In the above group are, l. to r.: The Chinese Consul-General, P. S. Tan, Dr. A. Wilson, Chairman Hard Court Championships; W. C. Choy, runner-up Men's Singles; Mrs. A. Wilson, Kho Sin Kie, winner Singles Championships; Dr. C. C. Wang, Chairman of the Chinese Davis Cup Committee. Sitting: A. H. Sabelli, Secretary Lawn Tennis Association; C. R. Glanvill, Chairman of the Lawn Tennis Association; H. D. Lien, Secretary of the Davis Cup team

THERE was a Chinese tea-party at Bournemouth on Finals Day in the Hard Court Championships.

This was an innovation, but a very successful one; far more successful, in fact, than the lemonade dances that in past years the governing body of the game have so generously provided one night of the tournament for a picked—a very picked—selection of the competitors. But there were no such complications where the Chinese tea-party was concerned, unless it was the query that I heard voiced by one of those enquiring female voices, as Kho Sin Kie and his compatriot, W. C. Choy, politely made a pattern of Oriental serenity below us in the sandy arena: "Will they serve Indian tea as well as China?" Alas, I could not satisfy her curiosity, but what I did think, as one game went to fourteen deuces, was that for all the older man's remarkable array of passing shots, and the younger man's grave and gallant excursions to the net, where he produced some exquisite backhand volleys, the match itself could hardly be called a "cup of tea" at all for the thirsty spectators. It was too like the captain of the nets giving some practice to a promising junior bowler in his own house. When the youngster occasionally pitched them up so well that he uprooted his mentor's middle stump, the alibi was complete: the older boy had been concentrating on the other's action: awfully decent of him, too, to give up his time. And so it was with Kho Sin Kie major and Choy minor. Even when the latter had reached five—two and forty—love in the first set, you still felt that his opponent was only playing up to him, rather than against him, and now the moment had come to show what he could really do. And, lo and behold! do it he did. For on the next three points, he produced three perfect passing shots, and though the Cambridge Blue twice more reached set point, the prize just eluded him. And you felt that it was as much a case



PRINCE HANYEL OF PLESS AND THE HON. JOAN MARJORIBANKS

Snapped at a recent big Eaton Hall house-party. During the moments when the guests were not racing at Chester, time was largely spent playing tennis on the very fine courts which are to be found at the Duke of Westminster's vast Cheshire home. The Hon. Joan Marjoribanks is the late Lord Tweedmouth's youngest daughter

LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN

of the other's mental superiority, as of his stroke technique. As if it simply wasn't done at the best schools to beat a senior off your own bat.

So the final was really more like a practise game—from the spectators' point of view—than a full-blooded contest, and inevitably the oriental patina of the two protagonists added to one's sense of unreality. Just occasionally one felt as though one was taking part in the Mad Hatter's tea-party, as when Master Choy, with the whole court open to him, and an easy kill at the net, was hypnotised into hitting the ball into the one corner where his captain could reach it. As though he were too conscious of the augustness of the occasion to hit it out of reach of easy fielding. It was such a hot afternoon! All the same, let it be put on record here that Choy is a markedly improved player,

as his easy defeat of Hare, who, up to that time, had been enjoying himself hugely, proved. And by the time these words have appeared, he may well have proved his increased stature when left on his own, so to speak, in the Davis Cup tie between China and France. He has such simplified stroke-production and such unity of purpose that to the uninitiated he does not seem nearly so flashy a player as, for instance, Filby, or Shayses; but don't be deceived by that subjective smile and the courteous way he passed round the cakes at the tea-party. He knows what he is after, he knows just what he can accomplish and what he cannot, and it is indeed a proof of his strength rather than his weakness that he was so patently the stodge on Finals' Day at Bournemouth. But the fact remains, he was in the final, and just think of the players who had fallen by the wayside! There will be many more scalps hanging at his waist before the season is over. And, for my own part, it was particularly pleasant to see the measure of his advance, even if that meant an expressionless final, because this time last year he was very doubtful whether his parents would permit him to remain longer in this country, and, in his uncertainty, he asked me whether I thought he had a chance of going much further in his tennis, if he could prevail upon his family. I urged him most emphatically to believe so much in his tennis future that they would be convinced too. He was right. And they were right to let him stay. But of how few players domiciled in this country could one say that!

Indeed, Bournemouth, if I had wanted any positive confirmation of what I wrote last week about the paucity of first-class men players in this country at the present moment, would have provided me with all the evidence I required and with an ironic postscript into the bargain that I can't help commenting upon, because it is so typical of the thorny path of all selectors, whatever the sport. You may be sure that no sooner have you chosen a team to represent England at something or other than someone not in the team will go and cover himself with glory and demand, and prove his right, *too late*, to be chosen. And so it was in the Hard Court Championships. Before the week started I remember wondering who would it be. Butler seemed the likeliest possibility, as he has been keeping very quiet since his return from South Africa, but, though he reached one final, it wasn't he who discomfited the selectors and gave them such an uncomfortable hour on the Saturday. Billington and Olliff must have been doubly determined to defeat the New Zealanders, who might have been their Davis Cup opponents, had the team been chosen a week later. (I can't think why it was not, by the way, since I should have imagined that the Bournemouth meeting, being the best

(Continued on page xiv)

GARRARDS

*By Special Appointment
Goldsmiths and Jewellers
to the Crown*

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

HE was one of those tiresome women who *will* go on talking when their husbands want to go to sleep. He had been very patient, and answered all her silly questions. At last she said: "George, dear, is everything shut up for the night?"

George sighed deeply. "Yes," he replied, "everything else, dear."

The following yarn is one told of the famous film-actor John Barrymore.

He went into one of the big stores in Hollywood. When he had given his order, he turned to leave.

"And your name?" the assistant asked innocently.

"Barrymore," came the reply, in distinctly chill tones. "Which Barrymore, please?"

The film-actor surveyed him coldly. "Ethel!" he muttered.

A traveller was going along a country road in the States, when he came to a ford. A darkey was standing by the little stream, where some ducks were swimming.

"Can I get through the creek with this car all right?" asked the traveller.

"Yes, suh, yo' kin drive right through," came the reassuring reply.

The man in the car accordingly drove into the stream, only to find that the water was so deep that it flooded his engine. He and his passenger had to get out into the stream with the water up to their armpits and push the car to the bank. Then turning to the darkey, the driver asked angrily: "What do you mean by telling me that I could drive through that?"

"Well, boss, I nevuh knew dat water was so deep. It only comes half-way up my ducks!"

The customer in a draper's shop in an Irish village wished to buy a shroud, but the price she was asked seemed exorbitant.

"I could buy it for half the price in Dublin," she protested.

"Yes," replied the draper, "and sure the corpse would have his knees through it in a week."

The owner of the shoe store surveyed the ticket one of the assistants was putting on a pair of shoes.

"Take that off," he said sternly. "Never have I sold anything by false representation, and I'm not going to start now."

The assistant waited, seeing that his employer was thinking deeply.

"No," went on the owner, "it is an inferior grade of shoe, and I will not pass it off as anything better. Mark it 'A Shoe Fit for a Queen,' and put in the window—a queen does not have to do much walking."



GERTRUDE WETTERGREN

Anthony

The most recent portrait of the famous operatic singer, who made a very welcome return to Covent Garden on Friday, May 12, in *Il Trovatore*. Gertrude Wettergren made her first appearance in England in 1936, and created an enormous success as Amneris in *Aida*. She is one of the few opera singers to have grace and presence as well as a very beautiful voice. Gertrude Wettergren has the honour of being a Court singer at Stockholm. Since 1936 she has had a contract at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Her husband is a Director of the modern section of the National Museum at Stockholm.

The short-sighted man went into the shop for a pair of cheap spectacles. He tried pair after pair until he got one which suited him perfectly.

He put them on and walked into the street. The first thing he saw was a hawker selling grapes from a barrow.

"I think I'll take a bunch of these balloons home to the kids," he said.

An Australian girl bought a ticket at a Tube station and absent-mindedly threw it away.

When she arrived at her destination the ticket-collector held out his hand.

"Ticket, please," he said.

"I'm afraid I've lost it," said the girl.

"Where do you come from?"

"Australia."

"Blimey!"

A man stayed the night with a friend who kept an inn. At dinner he was served with some prime Stilton cheese. Unable to touch it, and not wishing to offend his friend, he hid it in the bottom of a plant.

About a fortnight later, he received a telegram from his friend. It ran: "We know who it is, and we know what it is, but for heaven's sake tell us where it is."

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY



THE track greyhound is now a definite pedigree breed and on the Staffordshire Moors the Greyhound Racing Association have been developing the strain by a careful and scientific method of mating.

The picture above shows a typical track greyhound bitch with her two young puppies, future White City Champions.

AROUND THE STUDIOS



SUSAN HAYWARD, ONE OF THE STARS IN PARAMOUNT'S RE-MAKE OF "BEAU GESTE"



LOUIS HAYWARD AND IDA LUPINO PLAY A QUIET GAME OF BACKGAMMON



A FESTIVE OCCASION: CHARLIE CHAPLIN, JACK WARNER AND JANET CHAPMAN ASSIST MAY ROBSON TO CUT HER CAKE



LOVELY MADELEINE CARROLL PLAYS THE LEAD IN PARAMOUNT'S "AIR RAID"

The movements of those exotic people in Hollywood are always news, and the above photographs show just a few of those who go to make up that news. Louis Hayward, who is seen taking on a game of backgammon with his bride, Ida Lupino, is now playing in that very successful film, *The Duke of West Point*, at the London Pavilion, which is a story of life in America's famous military Academy, very much on the same lines as our *Sandhurst* and *Woolwich*. *The Man in the Iron Mask*, in which we shall shortly see Louis Hayward again, provides him with a dual rôle, that of the unfortunate man of the title, and of King Louis XIV. Also in the cast are Joan Bennett and Warren William. Susan Hayward has a lead in Paramount's re-make of P. C. Wren's famous book, *Beau Geste*. Gary Cooper plays Ronald Colman's old part, and Ray Milland is also in the cast. Madeleine Carroll, whom everybody will remember for her acting in *Café Society*, is now making *Air Raid* for Paramount, which, owing to the general European tension, had to be stopped, but production has now started again. That grand old actress, May Robson, has just celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday; one of her birthday-party guests was Charlie Chaplin, whose coming picture, *The Dictators*, should prove a veritable riot.

*The Lady
desires to be
anonymous....*

but graciously consents to the publication of this picture of beauty and charm enhanced by a carefully chosen two-row necklace. It is whispered among her friends that these wonderful pearls must have cost a small fortune, but that's her secret, and Tecla's. Besides rare specimens costing over a thousand pounds Tecla has fine quality cultured real pearl necklets at prices down to as little as five guineas per row — guaranteed for a lifetime. May we show you our collection? There will be no pressure to buy.



Tecla

ONLY ADDRESS

7, OLD BOND STREET LONDON, W1.

THE PERFECT MUG

By

DONALD SHOUBRIDGE



"Your next novel! Get out, you—you little rat!
Get out of my sight before I do something to you."

"MY dear sir, of course we shall be only too pleased to publish your novel." Mr. Venable's face beamed. From the southern slopes of his treble chin to the northern plateau of his bald patch he glistened with geniality.

The little man on the other side of the desk blinked nervously.

"In fact," continued Mr. Venable, "I feel sure—my readers feel sure—that a considerable success can safely be predicted." It was perhaps diplomatic of Mr. Venable that he did not exactly specify for whom.

The little man still seemed unable to find his voice.

"Your first work, I believe?"

"Er—yes—and—er—no. I—"

"Amazing—astounding! You have a future, Mr. Hammington, a decided future. And I am not speaking glibly—a whole lifetime of experience, sir, a whole lifetime."

Mr. Venable purred. "The sweet fruits of literary success will be yours to enjoy."

"You—you think so?" Joseph Hammington's eyes were moist with emotion. "I've tried so hard. For years it's been nothing but rejection slips. It's not the money—I'm not hard up. It's the honour, the—the recognition. Thank God I saw your advertisement, Mr. Venable!"

"Thank God you did!" agreed Mr. Venable. Were not his provincial advertisements specially intended to attract the Joseph Hammingtons of this world? "And now to business—a sordid digression for the true artist, sir, but highly necessary." His eyes twinkled benevolently.

"I—I'm not much of a business man," Joseph Hammington murmured.

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Venable, fumbling impressively amongst a mass of papers. "Ah, yes, here we are. We seem to have—er—settled the main principles of our arrangements by letter, Mr. Hammington?"

The little man nodded blankly.

"In this house," declared Mr. Venable, "we always insist that the author should

share equally with ourselves in the profits from his work. To ensure that condition, however, it is only logical that the author should provide an equal stake in the—er—expenses of production. I believe you accepted that principle in one of your letters to us, Mr. Hammington?"

"Oh, yes—yes. It seemed quite fair to me."

Mr. Venable smiled warmly. More than ever was he confident that the world's perfect man had been sent to bless him.

"I have already gone carefully into the costs of producing your novel in a manner fitting to its quality, and it seems that—er—five hundred pounds will meet the case."

"Five hundred!"

Mr. Venable frowned. "A remarkably low figure, sir, in these days, I assure you. It includes a generous amount of publicity throughout the—er—United Kingdom—such as we always arrange for our authors. It excludes, however, any charge we might have set on the value of our own reputation and name. A concession, I may say, that we do not usually make, Mr. Hammington, but in view of the—er—distinctive quality of your novel—"

"It seems an awful lot of money. I'm not hard up, mind you, but—but five hundred—"

"Of course, we are prepared to find half of that sum, Mr. Hammington. I am surprised that you have so little confidence in your own work. Surely, since we—"

"You mean I've only got to put up two hundred and fifty?"

"Exactly, sir, exactly."

"Oh, that's different." The perfect mug's face brightened—and so did Mr. Venable's.

"A little misunderstanding. I felt sure that you could not fail to realise the essential fairness of the contract. When

(Continued on page 326.)

This England . . .



Lunesdale

THE English gift for word-pictures is most pleasantly to be seen in the country names for different sorts of assembly. Do you walk upon the hills and you will see a brood of grouse or even, upon some moorlands, a pace of asses. Descending softly through the woods you may disturb a skulk of foxes, while in the marshy lane below, the cattle-drove puts up a wisp of snipe. And so, to the caws of a building of rooks or the admonition of a gaggle of geese upon the green, you reach the inn. There in the cool, where talk may range most naturally from a nide of pheasants to a bench of magistrates, you will gather your company (or troop) about you and set before them "a sparkle of Worthington"—for their sustenance and content.

. . . by Worthington

THE PERFECT MUG—(Continued from page 324)

one considers the possible profits of a best-seller to-day, Mr. Hammington—the film-rights alone—”

Mr. Venable waved his hand and conjured up visions of opulence. Then his hand dived abruptly off into a drawer of his desk and returned with the contract.

“Quite a simple document, Mr. Hammington, I think you will agree. You will note that, unlike other houses, we do not bind you with options on your later work. We find, however, that our authors rarely go elsewhere. Very rarely.”

Joseph Hammington took the contract with a trembling hand.

“I’m too excited really,” he said. “To—to be given a chance—after all these years!” His eyes shone. “Do I sign down here?”

“That’s right, Mr. Hammington, just there. Splendid. This will be a day in your life that you will never forget.” Mr. Venable patted the latest addition to his “list” paternally on the back.

“I—I can’t thank you enough—”

“Don’t, my dear sir—no need to. It’s our job—what we exist for—to discover unknown authors of your—er—substance.”

Mr. Venable stepped unobtrusively on a bell-push behind his desk. Instantly his office-buzzer rang.

“Ah, my secretary reminding me I have another appointment, I’m afraid. Well, Mr. Hammington, we had practically finished, hadn’t we? If you would—er—care to write me out a cheque—?”

“You’d like it now?”

“In your own interests, sir, your own interests. We mustn’t delay publication—as it is we shall only just catch the spring season in time.”

The perfect mug produced his cheque-book.

Mr. Venable sat back in his chair. For a moment he felt almost disappointed. So easy—like taking money from a blind man’s hat. The poor fool didn’t even want a copy of the contract.

Was it too easy? Doubts suddenly surged in Mr. Venable’s mind. Supposing the fellow was mad—and there were trustees who wouldn’t pass the cheque? Mr. Venable recalled an unpleasant experience of his past—when a harmless lunatic gave him a cheque for six hundred towards the “expenses” of an autobiography in blank verse.

But he dismissed the thought. Bombs didn’t drop on the same place twice.

When he went to lunch a few minutes later he wore the happy smile of the hunter who has found his prey.

In due course Joseph Hammington’s masterpiece emerged. A first impression of a hundred copies, six of which were dispatched to the author.

Mr. Venable waited for the inevitable squeals of pain. There always were—when his authors saw the sort of printing job that the house of Venable produced. It was at such times, however, that Mr. Venable would bring into play that “experience of a lifetime.” His victims rarely squealed more than once. They read their contracts—and decided to protect what they still possessed.

But no squeal came from the perfect mug. Only a letter full of praise—and an order for a dozen more copies which he wished to distribute among his friends.

Mr. Venable licked his lips. Surely there were ways in which Mr. Hammington might be milked a little more? A Continental translation . . . or an American edition? It required careful thought, of course—there was always the old saying about the golden goose. . . .

And, indeed, Mr. Venable was just completing his next scheme for painless extraction when the letter from a certain Henry Finch’s solicitors arrived.

It drew Mr. Venable’s attention to a recent novel by Joseph Hammington in which a number of distasteful references were made to a character named Henry Finch. It pointed out that, although the novel was claimed to be fictitious, their client—like the Henry Finch of the story—also lived in a house called Redcot in a road also named Bost Lane; also was an insurance agent, and also had been married three times.

The solicitors further pointed out that the novel had caused considerable pain to their client, since the fictitious Henry Finch had murdered his first two wives, committed bigamy once, and connived at several frauds upon insurance companies.

It seemed to them that it was an extraordinary case of intentional libel, since the author was known to have enjoyed the acquaintance of their client for a period of twenty years.

Failing a satisfactory and immediate settlement by both publisher and author their client had instructed them to proceed with the severest possible steps. . . .

Mr. Venable’s face suffered an amazing sequence of chromatic changes. For several minutes he lost all control of both breath and saliva. Finally he delivered himself of a number of words not at all in keeping with the dignity of a publisher.

Then, in a brief moment of calm, he wired for the perfect mug. . . .

Joseph Hammington arrived in the afternoon.

“Read this!” roared Mr. Venable, waving the letter. “Explain it!”

Hammington blinked.

“Yes, I know—I’ve had one, too! It—it’s awkward, isn’t it?”

“Awkward! Awkward! It’s—it’s——!” The precise word choked in Mr. Venable’s throat. “Don’t you know the laws of the country, you—you——?”

“I didn’t think it would matter. You see——”

“Didn’t think it would matter!”

The perfect mug smiled miserably.

“Because it’s true, really, you see. He did, you know.”

“Did what?”

“Poison his wives—all the things I said in my novel. That’s why I wrote it.”

“But—but——!” Mr. Venable gave it up. What was the good? The fellow was mad.

“Yes, I can see the mistake I’ve made now. My solicitors explained it to me this morning.”

“Oh, they did, did they?”

“Yes. Although I *know* all about him, I can’t prove any of it. That’s where I went wrong, apparently. It’s a pity, isn’t it?”

“A pity—a pity! Oh, my God! Do you realise what it’s likely to cost? And not only you, but—but both of us?”

The perfect mug gulped. “Yes, my solicitors said it might affect you as well. So I wasn’t surprised to get your telegram, really. I’m—I’m awfully sorry. Of course, if I’d known——”

Mr. Venable rested his chin despondently on the palm of his hand and stared miserably into an expensive future.

“You *did* know this fellow Finch, I suppose?”

“Oh, yes—yes. A great friend of mine—until last year. We had a row, you see.”

“Did your solicitors give you any advice?”

Joseph Hammington nodded. “Yes, they were very clear about it. They said there wasn’t a chance at all unless it could be settled. They said somewhere about five hundred pounds—you see, I haven’t got much more. It’s very unfortunate. I shall have to give up writing and get a job again. Unless you could help, of course——?”

“Help? Help?”

“There’s always my next novel——”

Mr. Venable’s face bulged dangerously.

“Your—your next novel! Get out, you—you little rat! Get out of my sight before I do something to you!”

“But, Mr. Ven——”

“I tell you, your life isn’t safe. Get out!”

The perfect mug went.

Mr. Venable struggled hard. He wrote a number of emotional letters; he offered to burn every copy of the novel and to make the most public and abject apologies; he even secured, behind the backs of the solicitors, a personal interview with Henry Finch.

But Henry Finch was not at all the sort of man that Mr. Venable could influence. He was a bullet-headed individual, and each time Mr. Venable beamed at him he talked about a horse-whip.

In the end Mr. Venable threw in the sponge and wrote out a cheque for seven hundred pounds. It almost killed him, but it was cheaper than an action for libel.

“God, if I ever see Hammington again——!” he muttered.

But he did. Less than a week later.

Mr. Joseph Hammington emerging from the Playfair Palace Grill Room—with Mr. Henry Finch!

On their faces were the happy smiles of hunters who have found their prey.

THE END.



ADMIRALTY ARCH

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SAFETY FAST!

"I met a man the other day who had, throughout his motoring lifetime, always bought the same make of car—a most uninteresting series. He also made a point of never driving his friends' cars. When I gave him a run in an M.G. and insisted on him taking the wheel he was, to say the least of it, a little staggered. He summed up his impressions rather well when he said at the conclusion of the run, "Well, now I know what 'Safety Fast' means!"

Cecil Kimber

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PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Test of a Driving Test.

I HAVE just completed the British School of Motor-ing's standard driving test—and been ploughed. With a 35,000 miles' annual average and far too many years' experience on the road, I fancied my technique was safe, sensible and tolerably efficient. But I was wrong, and as many old-boy motorists probably have the same views and would almost certainly also be ploughed, I'll describe the test and show where they're likely to slip up.

The primary object of the driving instruction is to establish a safe style, and so reduce the chance of accidents. It's like being taught to play cricket, squash or any other game. You go for style first and expertness comes by practice. The first part of the B.S.M. standard test, as apart from an instructor's test, which is far more severe, deals with your knowledge of the Highway Code. When you've passed the eyesight test, which consists of reading a car's number at a certain distance, your instructor asks you questions. Here are examples:

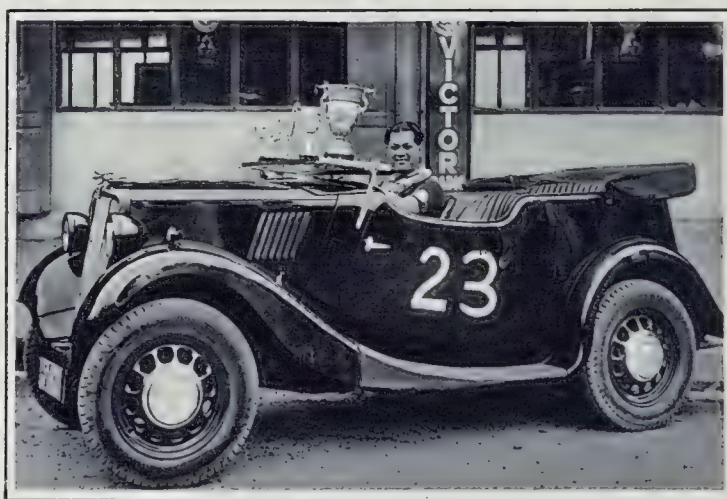
Name four out of the seven occasions on which a motorist is legally bound to stop. Hot and bothered, I could only think of three. How many can you recall offhand? In what order do the traffic lights appear? What is the significance of the amber light? How should you pass a led horse? How can you distinguish from the back of a sign whether it indicates a "Halt" or "Slow" sign at a major road? The answer is, by its shape. I failed on this and also on the question of level-crossing signs, of which there are two varieties, one showing a gated crossing and the other an unprotected one, which requires more caution in the approach. Nor did I realise that when signalling your intention to turn left or go straight on to a constable



Hyman Fink

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—ALSO THE BRIDEGROOM

A record taken at the very moment when Annabella and Tyrone Power departed on their honeymoon after their recent wedding. Annabella's most recent film is coincidentally called *Maiden Voyage*



SIAM'S FIRST OFFICIAL MOTOR RALLY

"B. Bira" (Prince Birabongse of Siam) was the Chief Marshal at Siam's first Rally, held in Bangkok to raise funds for the Siamese National Defence Fund. In the Morris "Eight" tourer, Series II., seen in the picture, is Nai Sanit, who tied for first place in the King's Cup, and also got a first in his class for the timed reversing test

on point duty, you must make the appropriate hand-signals from within and not outside the car. Another point of which I was ignorant was that one should signal by hand and trafficator.

How to Reverse in a Street.

An interesting and, to my mind, debatable point, was raised by the examiner asking how I should reverse in a street. My answer—wrong again—was to turn head-on into the first side street and reverse out of it so as to face oncoming traffic and then advance to the opposite side of the road. The officially correct method is to overshoot the side street, reverse into it, and emerge bonnet forward into the main street. One then gradually gains the correct side of the road.

White-Line Technique.

I was nicely had when told to stop quickly when making a right-hand turn at a cross-road, for one front wheel was touching the white line. The correct method is not to start making the right-hand turn until one is well in the middle of the cross-road. A plain reversing-and-pull-up test again disclosed poor technique, kindly described in the official report as "rough." The fault here was that the near-side rear wheel of the car was a couple of feet from the pavement, whereas the legal limit is only six inches. Try this test for yourself and you'll find it more difficult than you'd imagine.

Steering-Wheel Grip—Right and Wrong.

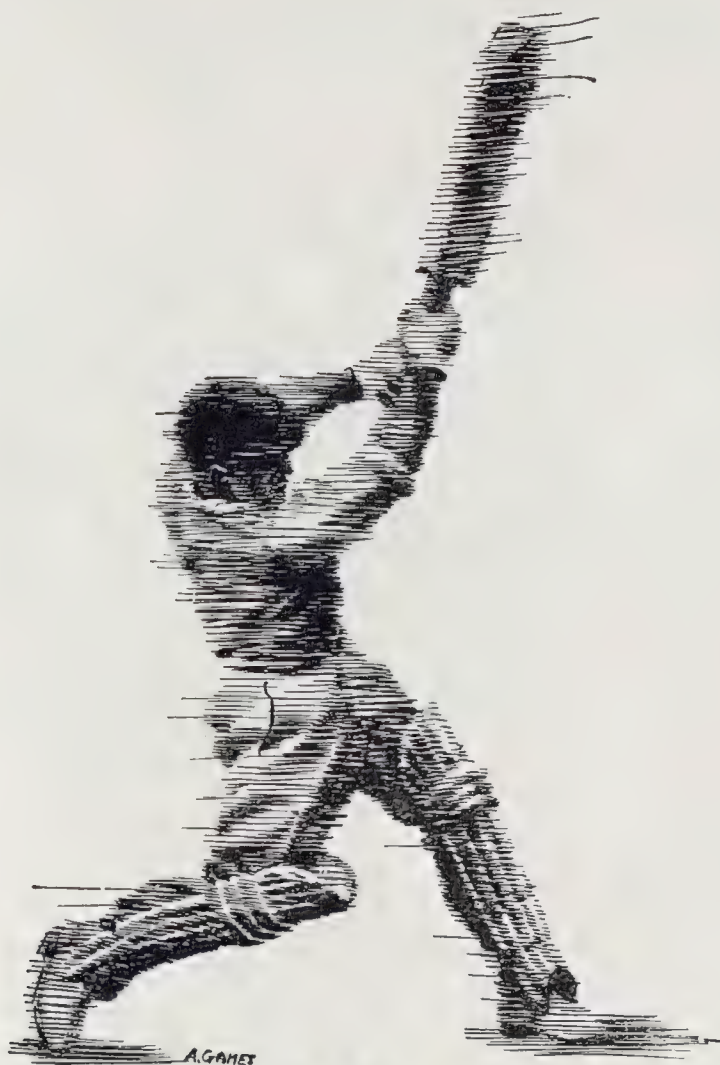
By this time, red in the face and clammy with confusion, I felt a perfect fool. To complete my discomfort, I discovered that my method of holding the steering-wheel was all wrong. Hopefully, I suggested that the right way of doing this was the way that felt most comfortable. But a more scientific method is taught because it gives the driver better control. The ideal hand-setting is apparently with the right hand at about ten minutes past twelve, when compared with the face of a clock, and the left hand at about twenty to the hour. This setting is based on the fact that, owing to the camber of the road, most cars tend to run to the left or near-side of the road when the steering is released. Therefore, when one releases the wheel with the left hand to change gear one has more control to pull down the wheel and correct this tendency if the right hand is at ten past the

(Continued on page xvi)



A HIGHWAYMAN'S GIBBET WITH A 25-H.P. WOLSELEY "SUPER-SIX" IN THE FOREGROUND

A picture, taken on the bicentenary of the death of the redoubtable Dick Turpin, of the famous gibbet near the village of Caxton, in Cambridgeshire. Caxton village stands on the main road between London and York; Turpin must have passed through it on his famous ride. Actually, he would not pass this gibbet, but another, which this replaces, the original structure having rotted away many years ago



Fastest century in First-class Cricket :

100 runs in 35 minutes.

Mr. P. G. H. Fender at Northampton, 1920.

... The sportsman's
ETHYL — 



PLUS A LITTLE SOMETHING

Polo Notes

(Continued from page 316)

unless Mr. W. L. Horbury's "Optimists" all get string-halt, but, being a well-drilled little team, I predict that they will beat many more than beat them. For the reason—turn up last season's record. I have not the space to set it out. Things are difficult, of course, but for the reasons hereinbefore stated, I do not think we have any reason whatever to believe that this is going to be a flat season. We are darned lucky that it is not going to be a far too jumpy one. One word more before passing onward to hard and serious fact: there are no teams coming from either Deutschland or Italia. This you can take as straight from the horse's mouth!

* * *

Of course, as we all must realize, it can only be a matter of time before military polo, the backbone of the whole game, is washed out everywhere excepting perhaps in India and Egypt, but let us hope that in spite of mechanization the fitful flame may go on flickering for a year or two longer. At the moment, in spite of all the disadvantages, it is burning pretty brightly, and, believe me or believe me not, the difficulties



CAPTAIN RALPH HARLEY, M.F.H.,
AND A BANDON SALMON

A picture taken quite recently on the Bandon River, Co. Cork. Captain Harley has been Master of the Teme Valley hounds since 1932

are pretty steep. Some regiments will find it very hard to get the fast practice they must have to put the polish on for the Inter-Regimental, this of course owing to the ban on all ties in London, bar the semi-finals and finals. The 15th/19th Hussars, for instance,

are still at York where they cannot get anything upon which to sharpen their teeth, and they are not allowed to come here until, and unless, they get into the semi-finals. They did get there last year and were only knocked out nine to eight by the 12th Lancers, who in turn were beaten ten to eight by The Greys in the final after a breath-taking battle. Last season the 15th/19th were, so I thought, badly mounted on the whole. The pace of a squadron is only that of its slowest horse. The 12th, on the other hand, were a well-mounted team and also a very good one. The 13th/18th Hussars, more or less recently back from The Shiny, are at Shorncliffe, which is not



AT THE ALL-IRELAND POLO CLUB

The Grand Old Man of Irish polo, Mr. Wilfred Fitzgerald, and his wife watching the first game. Mr. Fitzgerald is eighty-four and President of the A.I.P.

two regiments 15th/19th and 13th/18th cannot therefore have a very big chance of fast practice unless things can be arranged somehow or other; but the people at Tidworth and Aldershot will be all serene, especially the Tidworth ones.

exactly polo's G.H.Q. This is tough luck on them for although in both 1937 and 1938 Indian Inter-Regimentals they have been put out quite decisively, those who saw them in last year's semi-final tell me that they are a coming-on team. The 17th/21st Lancers beat them pretty easily ten to four in the 1938 final at Meerut, and the year before the 10th P.A.V.O. beat them six to love. These



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ILLUSTRATED.
354. Strapless brassiere "CORSAGE" strengthened with light whalebones, cut deep for diaphragm control. 12/11

WAIST SLIMMING.

708. High cut belt stretching when worn to 19", made from CAPRICE elastic net, front and back hemstitched in satin elastic, two detachable bones and side bones. Detachable suspenders. 27/6

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What the "Tatler" Says:

The New Slim Waistline

It is many years since women have desired a "slim" waistline. Today it is essential, and so is the brassiere which is innocent of shoulder straps. Warmly to be congratulated are "Caprice" on their Bra "Corseage." Among its manifold advantages are that: (1) it achieves nature's perfectly proportioned bust; (2) it gives faultless form and natural youthful uplift; (3) it is innocent of shoulder straps; (4) it is supported by the lightest of whalebones, giving splendid control; (5) it accentuates the fashionable narrow waistline. Should it be found necessary to tighten the waist further there is the "Reminiscent" belt, which has been called the "Waist's good companion." The good work it performs cannot be over-estimated. It is a simple matter to convert a rather unattractive figure into a perfectly poised, graceful and fashionable one with the aid of the Caprice trio, the step-in belt, which cares for the abdomen, the Bra "Corseage," with no shoulder straps, which protects the bust, and the "Reminiscent," the waist's good companion. These all-important foundation garments are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Caprice, 14, Heddon Street, London, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Abroad.

On May 27, Mr. W. H. Hale, of Kenya, is marrying Miss M. Watt, Ettrick Estate, Eldama Ravine, Kenya. The wedding will be at Nairobi. A June wedding in India is that of Colonel M. D. Vigors and Miss Margaret Aston, and on June 10, Mr. R. G. Welsh and Miss Isobel Macfarlane are being married at Wynberg Church, Capetown.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. W. G. Lowther, 8th M.K.R.I. Hussars, only son of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Lowther, Bt., of Erbistock Hall, Overton Bridge, Wrexham, and the late Lady Lowther, and Grania Suzanne, youngest daughter



MISS ELIZABETH LONG

The only daughter of Mrs. E. Long, of Kelston, Sonning, and the late Major E. Long, who is engaged to Mr. Philip Nye, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Nye, of Broadwater, Hampton Court

of the late Major Douglas Campbell and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Campbell, of Blythwood, Toad Hall, Frimley, Hants.; Mr. D. Price, younger son of Brigadier-General T. Rose Price, and Mrs. Rose Price, of Madron House, Hythe, Kent, and Joan Schofield, 39 Knightsbridge, S.W.1. The Reverend D. A. V. Worth, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Worth, of Hadnall, Shropshire, and Elisabeth Ayliffe, only daughter of his Honour Judge Hildesley, K.C., of One House Lodge, Stowmarket; Mr. G. D. Cunningham, only son of Sir George Miller Cunningham, K.B.E., C.B., and the late Lady Miller Cunningham, of Leithen Lodge, Innerleithen, and Ruth Helen, the daughter of



MISS MARY WHETHERLY

The only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Stobart Whetherly, of New Mile Chase, Ascot, who is engaged to Mr. Louis Case, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Case, of Pasadena, California



MISS DULCIE BAILEY

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. M. Dennison, 1 Lennox Gardens, S.W. Miss Bailey is the younger daughter of the late Mr. A. S. Bailey, C.B.E., and of Mrs. Savage Bailey, of Singapore

Warneford House, Buckland, Berks., and Angela Dora, daughter of the late Captain James R. Mitchell and of Mrs. Mitchell, Manchester Street, W.1. Mr. V. A. Costobadie, of Beech Park, Newton Abbot, and Mary Blanche Aveys, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip le B. Egerton, of Oulton Park, Tarporley; Mr. G. Howard Tripp, second son of the Reverend H. Howard Tripp, M.A., and Lettice Dorothy Roberts, second daughter of Mr. G. E. Roberts, Horsington Grange, Templecombe, Somerset; Captain D. H. Browne, and Margaret Marcella Marion, younger daughter of the late Colonel Sir William Dupree, Bt., and of Marion Lady Dupree, of Upperfeld, Liphook, Hants.



MISS ELEANOR ROYEL

Who is engaged to Mr. N. M. Daniel, the only son of Sir Augustus Daniel, K.B.E., and Lady Daniel, of Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3. Miss Royel is the only daughter of the late Mr. J. Sanderson Royel and Mrs. Royel, of Hazell Hill, Bracknell, Berks.

Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Woodbridge, of Northcroft, Uxbridge; Mr. R. M. Keane, only son of Sir John and Lady Eleanor Keane, of Cappoquin House, Co. Waterford, and Olivia, youngest daughter of Mr. Oliver Hawkshaw, of Chisenbury Priory, Wilts.; Lieutenant P. F. Manisty, younger son of Paymaster Rear-Admiral Sir Eldon and Lady Manisty, of Collingwood, Harrow, and Marian, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Smith, of Tudor House, Walton on the Naze; Mr. D. F. Hubback, son of the late Mr. F. W. Hubback, and Mrs. E. M. Hubback, and Elais Judith, daughter of Sir John Fischer Williams, C.B.E., K.C., and Lady Williams; Dr. A. S. Ransome, and Janet Abney, of Leas Court Mansions, Folkestone, daughter of the late Sir William and Lady Abney; Mr. G. P. M. FitzGerald, Irish Guards, younger son of Captain and Mrs. A. FitzGerald,



MISS CELIA ROUNDELL

The younger daughter of Mr. C. F. Roundell, of Sussex Square, W., and the late Lady Maude Roundell, who is engaged to Mr. C. R. C. Herbert, the only surviving son of Mr. A. S. Herbert, of Cahirane, Co. Kerry, and Lady Theresa Herbert, of Sydney Place, S.W.7

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 daytime sheers and reverse knit sheers—in thrilling just-out colours.

From all good shops—4/11 and 6/11. Wolsey Ltd. Leicester

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



SIMPLICITY in classic lines is present in the ensemble portrayed—of which two views are given. It may be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor of Jay's, Regent Street. It is made in a new alpaca crêpe, in lichen green or mist blue. The lines are graceful and the price is 17½ guineas. As will be seen, the dress has short sleeves, flat pleats appearing on bodice and skirt. The same idea is repeated on the coat, which has long sleeves and is trimmed with white dyed chinchilla fox. The decorative necklace is part of the dress. There are other ensembles from 10½ guineas. For 6½ guineas there are three-piece suits in plain and striped Saxony; for 98s. 6d. there are coats and skirts of Saxony, admirably tailored and cut. All interested in this subject must write for the ensemble and suit brochure. It is worthy of careful study to women who plan their clothes skilfully

Pictures by Blake

HINTS ON MAKE UP

Successful make-up today depends as much on a good choice of beauty products as on their skilful application. The variety of preparations and treatments available is enough to bewilder the most clear-headed seeker after Beauty, and for the woman who does not want to spend a lot of time and trouble on complicated (and expensive) ritual, this variety is apt to assume the quality of a nightmare.

One of the simplest Home Beauty Treatments is that offered by Yardley & Co., whose repute in matters of the enhancement of feminine charm should be sufficient guarantee of quality. The treatment is based on six fundamental preparations, Liquefying Cleansing Cream, Toning Lotion (or Astringent Skin Tonic), Skin Food, English Complexion Cream, (or Foundation Cream), Complexion Milk, which fulfil every ideal condition for the successful care of the skin. But what is particularly interesting is a booklet they publish entitled "The Yardley Way to Beauty." After reading this, one really feels initiated into the innermost secrets of a West End Beauty Salon and capable of keeping one's complexion in perfect condition very simply and very economically. Particularly interesting are their hints on make-up—the finishing touches without which the full effect of a perfect complexion is never achieved.

This season's make-up tends to be more subtle, closer to nature's tones and generally less intensive. The Yardley English Complexion Powder is particularly "right" for English women, its fine texture blends cunningly with your skin and gives it a intriguing, glamorous softness, and one of the six is sure to match your particular colouring.

Changes, of which Yardley offer a choice of either a cream or a compact-powder, both in a selection of colours, the Yardley Beauty Expert, Miss Mary Foster, writes:

Cream Rouge should always be used before you apply powder, and, once applied, will last triumphantly until you wish to remove it. With the middle finger place a small amount of Cream Rouge where you want the deepest shade, and gradually mould it outwards, evenly, from this point until it fades away indistinguishably into your natural complexion. If you prefer Compact Rouge, powder first, then deftly apply the rouge, giving a final dust over your complexion powder. To 'narrow' a full face, apply the rouge near the nose and just beneath the eyes. Likewise for a narrow face, place the rouge on the cheeks well away from the nose and blend the colouring towards the ears. For a youthful touch slightly rouge the lips and chin cleft."

On the use of Lipstick Miss Foster says:

Accentuate the curve of your lips, give them a becoming warmth of colour, an attractive brightness, and a dewy freshness, that lasts surprisingly. There are delightful colours from which to choose, to match your rouge. Work it well inside the lips so that there is no sudden paling of colour.

The shaping of the lips is very important. Thin lips can be made to look fuller by generous application over the entire surface, even a little over the outline. If too full, keep the colour well inside the lip line, heavily in the centre, blending to the corners.

If the lips are longish, do not carry the lipstick to the corners. To counteract heaviness of the lower lip apply generously on the upper, and vice versa."

Yardley also make four shades of Eye-shadow. The subtly blended colours give depth and size to the eyes and a transparent, slightly metallic appearance, most attractive for evening wear.

"The Yardley Way to Beauty" is obtainable post free on request to Yardley & Co., 33 Old Bond Street, W.1 (please mention the *Tatler*.) It is a mine of interesting information, and should have its place (alongside the Yardley Beauty Preparations) on every woman's make-up table.

FINISHING TOUCHES BY YARDLEY



Eye Shadow 2/-
Cream Rouge 2/6
English Complexion
Powder 3/6. Lipstick 3/-
& 5/6. All in fashion's newest
tones — and, of course, the basic
Yardley Beauty Preparations in Beauty
Box complete one guinea, or separately 3/6.

A new allure of soft and natural colour for your lips and cheeks, the full depth and beauty of your eyes revealed in shadowy contrast, and a powder specially created for the Englishwoman's complexion. For the final adornment of complexions made radiant by the basic Yardley Beauty Preparations there are no finer cosmetics than those presented by Yardley.

Yardley

BEAUTY TREATMENT SALONS 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

Made for each other



IT is in the salons of those who make a study of the best ways of achieving health and beauty that the leaders of fashion ever congregate. It is at Elizabeth Arden's that they learn the most flattering "make-up" to use with the colour scheme of their dresses. It is wonderful to see what a difference it makes. The well-known house of Jenner, Princes Street, Edinburgh, have now opened a salon where Elizabeth Arden treatments are given. Of course it is controlled by one who has studied under Miss Arden personally, hence she is an expert and sympathetic to all women who are faced with figure, face, and it may be health problems, as she knows well that diet is all important

The printed crêpe de Chine dress with dirndl skirt costs £6 16s. 6d.; it has an eau de nil background with fuchsia, royal blue and cerise floral stripes. A mannequin wearing this frock was carefully studied in the Arden salon in Jenners, and the consensus of opinion was that nothing could enhance her beauty more for daytime wear than a sky-blue pink make-up; it consists of Special Rachel Lille de France, Sky-blue Rouge, Lipstick and Nail Varnish, Rachel Ardena Powder and Rose Rachel Japonica Powder, Sea-blue Eye Sha-do, Violet Eyelash Cosmetique. A stronger make-up is needed for artificial light, therefore Cyclamen make-up was selected. The brochure is of paramount interest



*the choice of thirsty
connoisseurs*

KIA-ORA

Sea Specials



SEA and land specials which bear the name of Londonus are perfectly practical and practically perfect. They are sold almost everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining the same, application must be made to Louis London, Morley House, Regent Street, who will send the name and address of his nearest agent. In the centre of the page is a bush outfit, made of Courtaulds "Tested-Quality" sharkskin. In this instance the colours are blue and white; but it is available in other colour schemes if preferred. The pale blue linen dungarees on the left are accompanied by a shirt of a darker shade. Attention must be drawn to the perfect fit of the trouser portion, which, of course, has a slimming and flattering effect. West of England suiting has been used for the coat and trousers on the right of the page. A clever device has been introduced whereby it is impossible for the trousers to slip. As will be seen, there is an almost invisible pattern on the admirably tailored coat, cut to fit easily across the shoulders. The shirt, also precisely tailored, is made of linen. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that everything pictured on this page bears the name of Londonus



NEW ROMANTIC PASTEL MAKE-UP BY HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Helena Rubinstein has created a breath-taking new make-up—Aquarelle. It has the romantic quality of a fine water-colour. It makes you look young, utterly charming, with a new fragile, pictorial beauty. Aquarelle make-up is perfectly keyed to the new colours you will wear this spring and summer. It is a complete, delicious harmony of iridescent rosy-beige and delicate blue, dramatically accented by the luminous rose-flame of the lipstick.

AQUARELLE LIPSTICK has biological ingredients which keep your lips lustrous, dewy; prevent drying and chapping; give glorious, lasting young colour, 6/6, 7/6.

AQUARELLE ROUGE AND LUSTROUS NAIL GROOM match the lipstick. Rouge, 4/6. Nail Groom, 4/6.

AQUARELLE FACE POWDER, a flattering, iridescent rosy-beige, becoming to every type, 6/6 to 21/-.

AQUARELLE EYE SHADOW AND AQUARELLE MASCARA, a delicate and deep blue to bring out the colour of your eyes. The Mascara does not run or smart; protects your eyelashes, 4/6 and 5/-.

TOWN AND COUNTRY FOUNDATION is Madame Rubinstein's ideal foundation to make Aquarelle make-up even more radiant and long-lasting. It conceals blemishes and helps prevent lines; guards your complexion from sun and wind. A day-long beauty treatment, 4/6.

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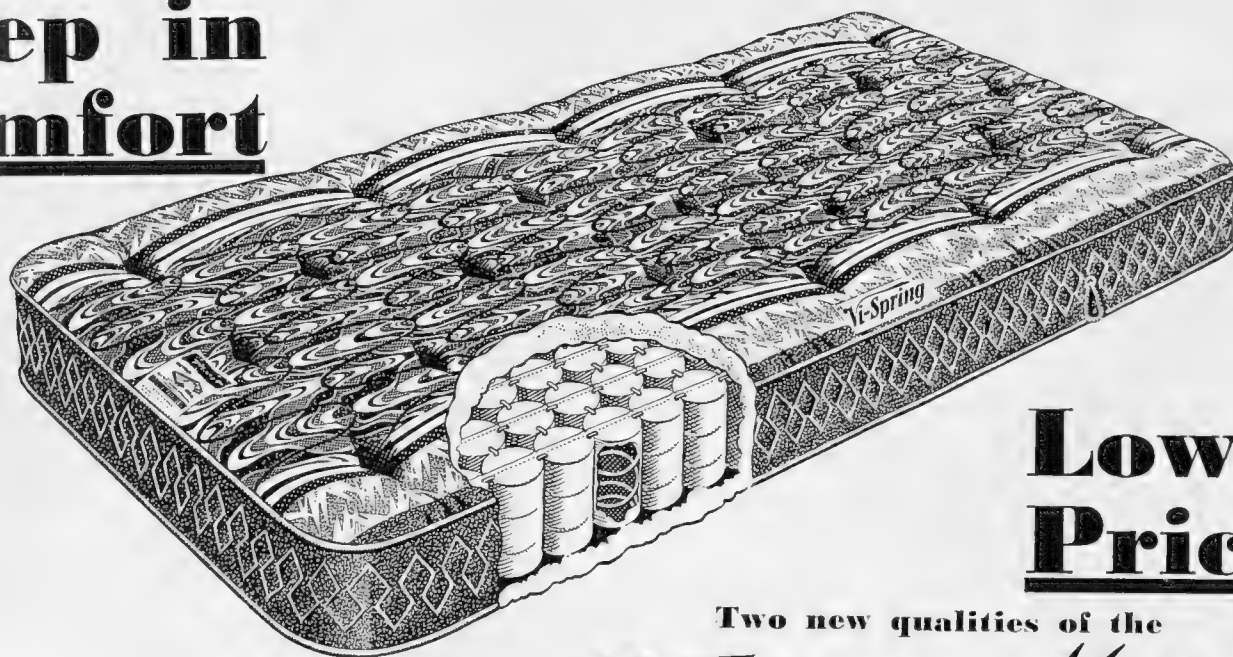
NEW YORK



THE PRINCESSES AND THE PANDA

Our industrious Panda (her name is Ming) may not yet be entitled to call herself giant, but she causes a huge amount of amusement to hosts of people. Her recent Royal visitors, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret found Ming's capers with her sparring partner the Alsatian vastly entertaining and an aid to alleviation of the temporary but enforced separation from their Royal parents. The Princesses "did" the Zoo very thoroughly, and patronized the elephants, the llamas and many other leading inmates of that famous emporium.

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CAIRN TERRIER

Property of Mrs. Dixon

and the world flooded with poor specimens, so a reduction in that direction would be a good thing. There always, unluckily, remain the mongrel bitch and her unwanted progeny, which it seems a pity cannot be reduced.

The origin of the Saluki is lost in the mists of time. There is no doubt he has been known as he is for hundreds, possibly thousands, of years. When he was first brought over here he required no "improving," no alteration. Mr. Croxton Smith, in his invaluable "About our Dogs," says the sight of them inspires him with respect: "I cannot avoid the conviction that I am looking upon the source whence the dogs of the Greyhound form have sprung, and upon the most ancient representatives of this fine family." Every one knows he came from Arabia. His manners befit his origin, he is dignified, intelligent and affectionate. Mrs. Parkhouse owns a successful kennel of Salukis; the kennel is run by her niece and herself as a hobby. The group includes Ch. Nal Janzi, winner of over a hundred prizes and specials, including five certificates and several reserve certificates. He was best in breed at our show and the Met. and Essex last year.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The canine community are standing up well to the troublous time through which we are passing. There is very little falling off in the entries at shows and no panic in kennels, so we are keeping our heads. There is probably rather less breeding going on, but this is all to the good; if the present situation makes people only breed from their best it will be to the advantage of dogdom. Far too many indifferent dogs have been bred from lately,

There are often puppies for sale to good homes. The hounds have also been successful coursing, Chota Sara being runner-up for a cup last autumn.

The French Bulldog maintains his place as an ideal companion for any one who wants a house dog, satisfied with ordinary life and exercise, and highly intelligent. He has another advantage, as he cannot be "trimmed" for show in any sense, so can easily be shown by amateurs. Mrs. Townsend Green has for many years owned one of the chief kennels of French Bulldogs and has consistently brought out home-bred winners. The photograph is of one of the pillars of the kennel, Ch. Boulet Rouge.



CH. BOULET ROUGE

Property of Mrs. Townsend Green

He is the sire, among many other winners, of the beautiful brace of bitches Mrs. Townsend Green showed at Cruft's, to one of whom I awarded the championship. She usually has puppies and adults of the highest breeding for sale, suitable for companions or for show, which can be seen by appointment.

The sad news comes of the dispersal of one of the most famous kennels of Cairns. Mrs. Dixon is not well enough to constantly attend shows, so her whole kennel is for sale. It has been for many years one of the foremost kennels in the country and many winners have been bred there. Now all are to go except some house pets. Those for sale include Ch. Demish, Durban, and Gent of Gunthorpe, also some most promising youngsters and reliable brood bitches. It seems a pity someone does not buy the lot and keep the kennel together. Several are suitable for companions.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



CH. NAL JANZI

Property of Mrs. Parkhouse



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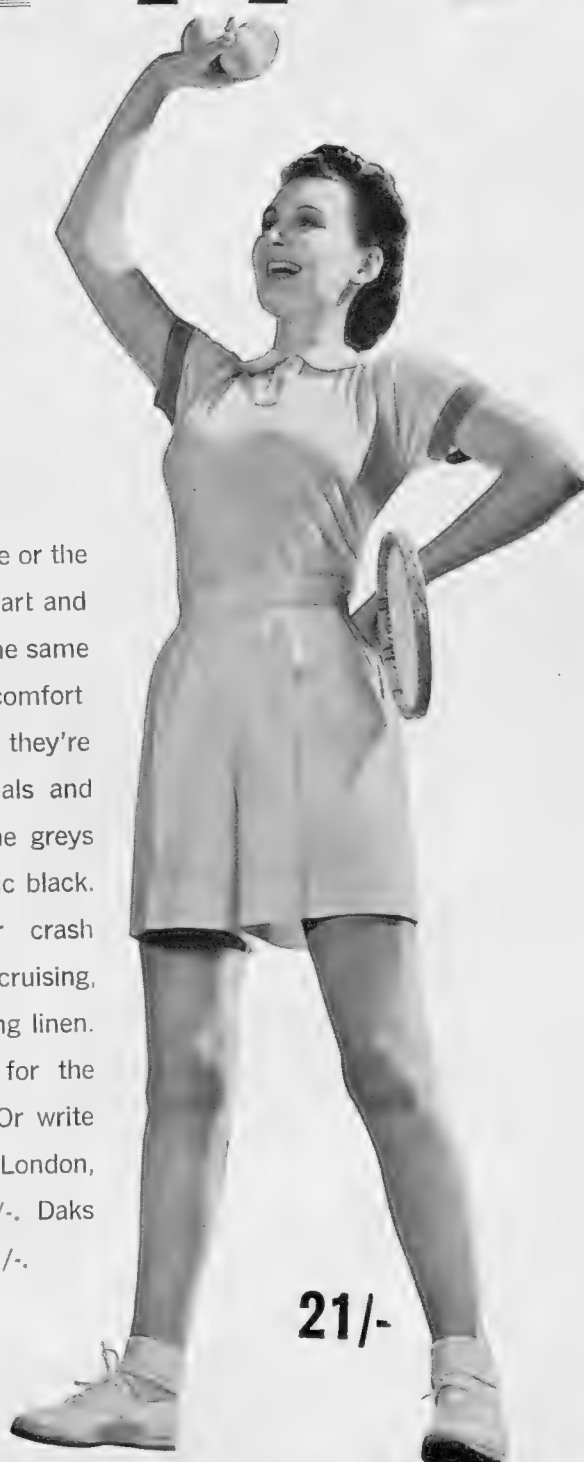


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21/-

TAILORED BY SIMPSON

Tennis—(Continued from page 318)

attended so far this year for obvious reasons, provided automatically the best testing ground for team building. However, Billington and Olliff (to return to our main subject), having won the first set, in the final, proceeded to lose the second, from a winning position, using the same apologetic technique as our country has disastrously employed during the last ten years, in European politics, even at this late date, still being absurdly shy of employing the radio to tell the truth about the Dictators to their own subjects. As though such methods were hitting below the belt (and although such methods are proving extraordinarily successful) we limit the programmes in a way that is maddening, not to the foreigners, for whom they are intended, but for loyal British ears. However, once more to return to Bournemouth, the Englishmen still succeeded in nosing out in the fourth set, and that they did so, seemed to me largely due to the fact that Malfroy was too conscious of the truth that he was the best player of the four, at any rate as far as reputation was concerned. In consequence, he tried to shield his partner too much from the evenly distributed blows of their opponents, whereas Olliff, although a much more experienced player than Billington, making his first appearance in a Bournemouth final, was scrupulously careful not in any way to overlay his comrade. With the result that Billington played up splendidly and made some spectacular winners, especially off Malfroy's service. Personally, I thought that Coombe played as well as he was allowed to, and would have played even better if his partner had not poached in such a disconcerting manner. Now, it is perfectly practical to poach—let us leave the ethics out of the matter—so long as your shot finishes the rally in the right way. But I counted a dozen times, when Malfroy stepping in, only started the rally all over again, with the worst result, for Coombe, solid enough though he looks, was clearly being infected with an inferiority complex that made him lob too much, and hang back on the wrong side of the service line, fatal tactics in a first-class double. No one admires Malfroy more than myself as a doubles player, but I do think he is increasingly inclined to play a men's doubles as though he was taking part in a mixed. And also to give every appearance, perhaps too obviously so, of being surprised when the match swings the wrong way. One can understand that he misses Stedman very much, for they were a team that sympathized with each other's play completely, but all the same, I can't help feeling rather sorry for the substitutes that now have to take Stedman's place, and do not always receive

the smiling encouragement on the court that Kho Sin Kie is so ready to supply in inexhaustible measure. Off the court, no player is more popular or more kindly, but on the court he is inclined to be temperamental in a way that you would expect, perhaps, from an actor or an artist, but hardly from the big-hearted Arthur, sorry, big-hearted sportsman that Malfroy undoubtedly is *au fond*. Which draws me to the conclusion that he is his own worst opponent.

However, Malfroy possesses one partner who manages him so beautifully, if the rather familiar phrase will be excused, that their combination was never seriously threatened at Bournemouth. I have already in a previous article referred to Betty Nuthall's sympathetic co-operation with her mixed partner, chosen for the season, for better or for worse, and I for one hope most sincerely that it will be fruitful of many more championships. They thoroughly deserve their success together, for here is team work at its best; and, paradoxically, here, when poaching is so much more to be encouraged, Malfroy hardly needs to cover his partner, even overhead; for Betty's smashing, in the best Larcombe tradition, with elbow well bent and racket handle well forward in the second before the pounce to kill, is as pretty a sight as you could wish to see on the tennis court. And so is her nursing of her new partner in the women's doubles, Jean Nicoll. I can't help commenting upon this new phenomenon again, because by their victory at Bournemouth they were in the final, and undefeated, in their fifth consecutive tournament this season. What a record and how richly deserved! It really is most pleasurable to watch the way in which the younger partner will prepare the coups for the "veteran" at her side; never seeking the limelight, but quietly thinking two or three moves ahead in the game, so that at one moment of their match with Miss Jarvis and Miss Brown, I wasn't in the least surprised when I suddenly saw what looked to be a halo round the youngster's head. It transpired to be a hair net, come loose in the heat of the struggle, and subsequently removed altogether. As for Betty herself, I remember that a few years ago, when she was struggling through rather a bad patch, that that rich comic, Nellie Wallace used to have a joke, which was a play on the words, Betty Nuthall and Betty's Nuthall there. Well, the young woman who first won the Hard Court Championship in her 'teens is still very much there, a dozen years later, I repeat. What a record, and how richly deserved! I shouldn't have been in the least surprised, if after the Chinese tea party, when as dusk came and Betty in the mixed, triumphed over her partner in the ladies' doubles, to see rows of Chinese lanterns festooning the long passage, between the outside courts, back to the pavilion.



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Combined skin food and cleanser, my cream is specially beneficial for dry and sensitive skins. Left on all night it seeps into the skin and so nourishes it while you sleep. In the morning you will be delighted with the wonderful softness. 2/9 & 5/-

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Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 328)

hour. Again, when one lets go of the wheel with the right hand to make a signal, one can counteract the swing to the left tendency better if the left hand is ready to push up the wheel from the twenty-to position.

* * *

The Finding.

The net result of the school tests proves to my mind that if one wishes to pass the Ministry tests one should take a course of professional instruction and so acquire a sound basis of knowledge and technique. And, furthermore, as so much depends on one's knowledge of the Highway Code, the school instruction brushes up one's wits to the proper pitch of examination alertness. But while the Ministry's driving tests indubitably set a pupil on the high road to cautious and safe technique, they cannot compensate for lack of judgment and experience. And that is why there are thousands of drivers on the road, both safe and skilful, who would fail in the tests, while thousands more who have passed them are far worse drivers. So when all's said and done it's very difficult to define a good driver. We all know people with whom we feel confident and others with whom we are always putting our feet through the floorboards. And the principal reason why one imparts confidence and the other fright is the difference in their judgment and experience of road and traffic conditions. A school of motoring can establish a grounding in these matters, but the hard school of experience is the only way of acquiring traffic and road sense.

* * *

Effect of the Increased Horse-Power Tax.

The worst feature of the increased horse-power tax is that it upsets manufacturing plans and policy. When this tax was reduced to fifteen shillings per horse-power there was a general tendency to develop cars of higher horse-power, and this, coupled with an all-round increase in engine efficiency, enabled British manufacturers to compete more effectively in overseas markets. Thus encouraged, they made plans for increased production extending over a period of years. Imagine the effect, therefore, of the tax pendulum swinging back in the reverse direction and even overshooting the old pound per horse-power standard. Inevitably its results will decrease the sales of the higher-powered cars. Potential owners of 20 or 30 h.p. types will economize by buying cars of lower horse-power. This tendency will continue all down the scale until those who, under the fifteen shillings a horse-power tax, could just afford a new "eight," will have to put up with a second-hand car of the

same power, while those who could only afford a used "eight" will have to give up motoring altogether.

* * *

Wisdom of the Fuel Tax.

To many people's minds an increase in the fuel tax would appear a wiser and fairer way of raising the necessary revenue. For if the idea is to tax motoring, then those who motor most should pay most. An increased tax on fuel would not interfere with design as much as a tax on horse-power, for it would tend towards an economy in the amount rather than in the quality of motoring. And, finally, though it's an old story, to tax horse-power on the bore of an engine rather than on its cubic capacity is just as unreliable as estimating the amount of your liqueur brandy from the superficial area it occupies in your glass.

* * *

Guide to Local Knowledge.

On tour we're so busy getting to the next place for lunch or dinner that we're apt to miss much of interest. If only we'd known that two hundred yards off the road there was an underground river or the largest tree in Britain, we'd certainly have stopped. For which reason I recommend a new map-cum-guide just issued by Trust Houses Ltd., Shorts Gardens, W.C.2. It features a series of simply-drawn local maps on which numbers correspond to objects of interest named in the margin. Short paragraphs describe other high spot places and the amenities of the locality.

* * *

Suicide Surface Warning.

An appalling crash I came on recently re-focused attention on the awful consequences of sudden variations in road surfaces. When dry, these changes are more or less innocuous; but when wet, one may remain skidproof while the next section may be like a sheet of glass. And at night the danger is immensely increased. I know one such change in surface which occurs just over a hump after a fast non-slip section. Should the ensuing section be wet and sudden braking be necessary, a car would almost certainly get out of control. Yet there is no warning of the lurking danger. In the crash I came on, and only avoided by a matter of minutes, a type of surface had been turned to glass by a sudden shower. As it was prefaced by a non-skid and wetproof treatment its danger potential was tremendously increased.

The accident occurred when a lorry attempted to slow, slipped across the road and blocked the way of an oncoming vehicle. The lesson to be learned is that until we get standardized road surfaces that are non-skid when dry or wet, these suicide surfaces should carry a warning sign.

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We do, however, feel that the opinion of the judges at Brighton bears out our contention that Barclay coachwork, built by James Young Ltd., is highly individual, yet highly practical.

We should like to hear if your opinion coincides with the Brighton judges, that a Barclay design combines a fine appreciation of modern design with a sympathetic attitude to the special requirements of particular modes of travel. So next time you are in Hanover Square remember the largest selection of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars in the world is conveniently found in our Showrooms.

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A PILOT AT BRITISH AIRWAYS INSTRUCTIONAL SCHOOL

The above photograph shows a pilot about to start off on a cross country flight in the company's "Link Trainer." He is receiving final instructions and the latest weather reports. The pupils around the table receive valuable lessons by listening, and can observe the aeroplane's course which is traced on an automatic recorder

Air Days.

WE enter now the season of air days and holidays. There is Empire Air Day next Saturday, May 20, there was the Royal Aeronautical Society Garden Party last Sunday, and next week there will be Northolt's Parliamentary Party on Tuesday, the Wilbur Wright Memorial Lecture on Thursday, and the Isle of Man Air Race on Saturday. Roll up, roll up; for now is the time when all good men come to the aid of air power—plus! It is, above all things, by causing the air vedettes—civil aircraft, fighter and bomber to do a song and dance that the public gets to know and to like them. A "Spitfire" in seclusion about as much use as Maurice Chevalier in a monastery. In a democracy it is public interest and public enthusiasm that form the indispensable foundation for air power.

That is where some of the loftier officers of the Royal Air Force make a mistake. They tend to look on things as Empire Air Day as a somewhat childish interlude to their serious work. Actually, without such shows air work might not exist at all. Great Britain is gradually becoming aerially inclined. Gradually an overhead-consciousness is being created throughout the land. Gradually it is becoming known that this country's future depends upon the full development of air resources. And let there be no mistake; it is only when Tom, Dick and Harry have got that understanding developed, that we shall put forth our full effort. The prophets and the lawmakers may have appreciated the importance of air power long ago; but they cannot do anything about it until they have created the wish for air power throughout the populace. Empire Air Day—following in the footsteps of the earlier Hendon displays and pageants—helps to create that wish. I like to think also that writings on air matters help. For about a dozen years THE TATLER has provided every week air comments and air news and has carried them to all the places it circulates at home and abroad.

Programmes.

This is the sixth Empire Air Day and, judging from the notes on the programmes at the various aerodromes which I have before me, it will be the best. Seventy-eight aerodromes are to be open, sixty-three of them being Royal Air Force stations. It is the largest number ever. Normally the stations will be open from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m., and as this year is the coming of age year of the flying

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

service, special ingenuity is being exercised to give the public a "good show."

I deal later with some of the actual service machines which will be on view and which will be worth inspection, especially as other opportunities for a close examination are infrequent. But Empire Air Day is not confined to the military side. Fifteen of the aerodromes open are civil ones; most of them have some link with the military side in the form of training facilities for R.A.F. personnel, but a few are devoted entirely to civil work. And it is noteworthy, by the way, that civil aviation within Great Britain is making good headway.

Operation.

TWO things recently have made this healthiness of internal civil aviation plain; the success of the "Flamingo" high wing monoplane built by de Havilland and now ordered by the Air Ministry, and the rapidly increasing popularity of the high-frequency internal air line. One of the new "Flamingos" is to be set aside for the King's personal use. I have just received a beautifully produced and very informative document relating to this machine from the manufacturers, so that I can give a few more figures about it. There are various passenger arrangements for the cabin, with twelve, fourteen, seventeen and twenty seating accommodation. At 2,000 metres the maximum speed in level flight is 377 kilometres an hour and the range is over 2,000 kilometres. Particularly important in a machine of this type is the take off run. With 8 kilometres an hour wind and flaps down, the "Flamingo" gets off in 256 metres and it will land in a run of 238 metres.

And here are some "block-to-block" performance figures. It should be mentioned that "block-to-block" speed

(Continued on page xx)



MR. F. S. SPRIGGS

The managing director of the Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Co., one of the largest aircraft and engine manufacturers in the world. This company controls no fewer than seven major concerns, including Armstrong Siddeley Motors, A. V. Roe and Co., and the Gloster Aircraft Co., Ltd.



Howard Barrett

THE NOTTINGHAM FLYING CLUB'S TRAMP PARTY

This affair, which was held recently at Tollerton Aerodrome, drew a large crowd, and was a huge success. There was a great variety of tramps' get-up and one was so threadbare that it failed to last the evening. In the above photograph are seen (left to right) standing: Mrs. Collins, Flying Instructor Bernard Collins, Mr. Geoffrey King, Mrs. Geoffrey Bullus, Miss Joan Leivers, Mrs. Williams, Miss B. Holmes. Sitting: Mr. W. Humphrey, Mr. M. Haffen and Mr. E. Milnes, the last two won the first prize for tramps

Air Eddies—(Continued from page xix)

includes such things as taxi-ing and manœuvring on the ground, climbing and gliding, and is therefore the most "realistic" speed for assessing an air line's efficiency. With passengers, crew, baggage and freight, at sixty-one per cent power and at an operating height of 2,700 metres the "Flamingo" does a block-to-block speed of 326 kilometres an hour and has a range of 1,970 kilometres. Incidentally, a good point is made about the machine's fattish fuselage, which enables the load to be concentrated rather more than is possible with the long, narrow, needle-like type of fuselage and gives corresponding structural advantages.

Frequency.

The "Flamingo" type of aeroplane, with its medium-sized passenger load, links up with the high-frequency theory which is now being developed by aircraft operators in this country—mainly on the instigation of Mr. Whitney Straight. I mentioned this theory in



A BRISTOL "BOMBAY" BOMBER TRANSPORT

This machine, which is fitted with two Bristol "Pegasus" engines, has a wing span of twenty-nine metres (ninety-six feet) and can accommodate twenty-four fully armed soldiers, plus a crew of three

THE TATLER of April 19, and since then there has been a good deal of interest taken in it. In brief, it consists in the conception of the short-distance air line run by landplanes as being served by small or medium-sized machines leaving very often, rather than by huge machines leaving at longer intervals.

The more I consider this plan, the better I like it and I hope that Mr. Whitney Straight, with the special facilities he has, owing to the large number of airports his Corporation controls, will continue to develop it this summer. Optimum landplane size is partly dependent upon airport size and shed size. But it is also partly dependent upon travelling habits. I believe that the short range travelling public prefers to be able to go to an airport like it goes to an omnibus stop, without consulting a timetable.

For finding out about air travel facilities abroad a guide is needed and "Bradshaw's International Air Guide" fills the bill.



REHEARSING FOR EMPIRE AIR DAY

Displays will be held at most of the larger aerodromes throughout the country on Empire Air Day, May 20, when the R.A.F. are "At Home" to the public. The photograph shows an R.A.F. pilot in full kit for high flying about to enter a gun-turreted machine for rehearsals

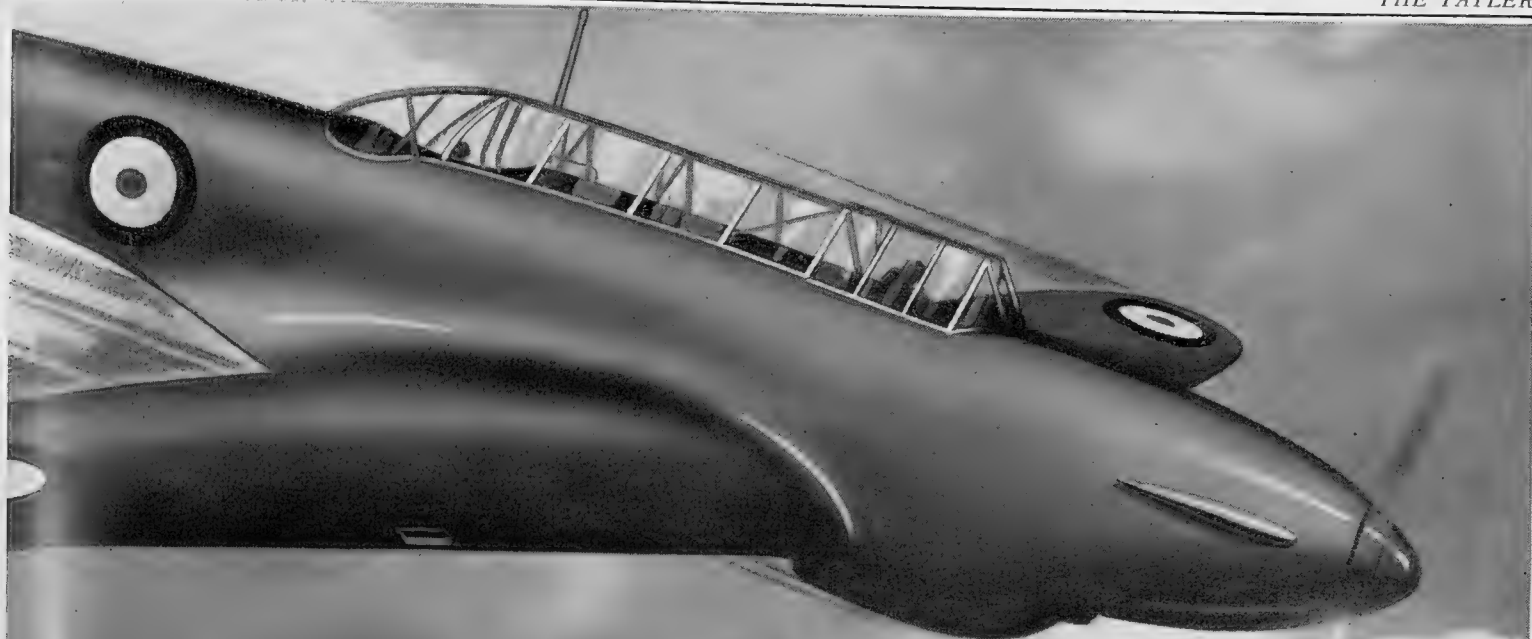
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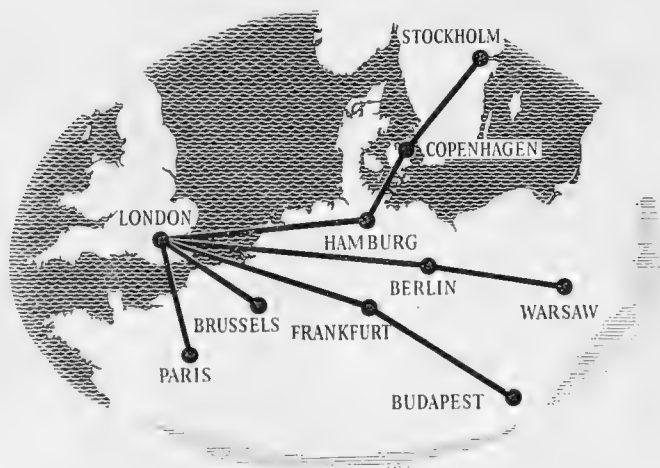
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Round the Air Day Aerodromes

By OLIVER STEWART

There has never been at any previous Empire Air Day so modern and so interesting a selection of aircraft as there will be on show on Saturday. Here are a few notes about them.

Fighters.

Fighters attract attention mainly on account of their speed. They are the fastest military machines in existence and the reason is that speed is, for them, a tactical instrument. The chief fighters to be seen this year are the "Spitfire" and the Hawker "Hurricane." The "Hurricane" really set the pace in the matter of high performance machines and it is one of the pioneers of the multi-gun, low-wing monoplane, liquid-cooled engine formula.

Both the "Hurricanes" and certain other fighters and bombers have the Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engine, which is a liquid-cooled V engine with twelve cylinders and an astonishingly small frontal area for its power. Since it first took to building aero engines I have followed the Rolls-Royce company's moves with a good deal of attention, because my experience is that they are a trustworthy guide to future progress. When I want to know what the fighters of 1945 will be like, I shall first take a look at the Rolls-Royce development engines of 1940. Incidentally, the Rolls-Royce "Kestrel," which has seen so much first line service in aeroplanes like "Furies," is still fulfilling important duties for the R.A.F. It is fitted, for instance, to the Miles "Master" trainer, and gives it a remarkable turn of speed.

Bombers.

Outstanding among the bombers not only of Great Britain but of the world, is the Bristol "Blenheim" which has two Bristol "Mercury" air-cooled radial engines. This machine will be on show at several places on Empire Air Day. It is already fairly well known to the general public, so



RUSSIAN AVIATORS ARRIVE IN NEW YORK

To get within 700 miles of your goal and then be forced to descend is about the height of bad luck, but that is what happened to the two Russian flyers Brigadier-General Vladimir Kokkinaki and Major Mikhail Gordienko on their non-stop flight from Moscow to New York. They were ferried to the end of their flight by a plane lent by Harold S. Vanderbilt. In the above photograph taken at the Floyd Bennett Field are, l. to r.: Brigadier-General Kokkinaki, Major Mikhail Gordienko and M. Constantine Oumansky, chargé d'affaires at the Soviet Embassy in Washington

that I need not go into details. I ought to say this, however, that the latest version of the "Blenheim," with the same load as the original version, can go 3,200 kilometres.

Bomber strength today is not concentrated entirely on twin-engined machines and the Fairey "Battle" is an example of a single-engined type with the Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engine. Also in the single-engined bomber class, though earmarked for Fleet use, is the Blackburn "Skua." This

(Continued on page xxiv)



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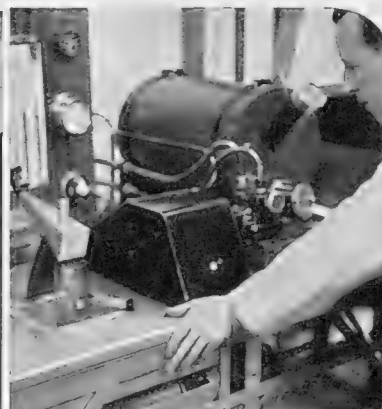


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Stuarts

Round the Air Day Aerodromes—(Cont. from page xxii)

machine, which I have not previously described in these notes, is of great interest. In the first place it has a sleeve-valve engine, the Bristol "Perseus," and in the second it has a wing-flap system which can be used as a kind of air brake when doing dive bombing.

Dive bombing has a special technique all its own, and one of the problems with a modern type of "clean" aeroplane is that it tends to run up to so high a speed that pulling out takes farther than is convenient. The consequence is that the use of air brakes, or wing flaps designed to stand the strain of being used at high speeds, is being developed. The Blackburn "Skua" has such brakes. Another point about it is that the fuselage is divided up into watertight compartments in order to keep the machine afloat should it be forced down on the water.

Training.

Rapid increase in rates of production in British factories that the problem of building up the Air Force is shifting towards the training of pilots and other air personnel. Large numbers of schools exist for this work, and some of them will be on view on Saturday. The Civil Air Guard is assisting more than may appear at first sight. The Civil Air Guard can only be looked on as a reserve to the reserve, and a limited one. But it helps to spread the essential overhead-consciousness. Moreover, the success of the Civil Air Guard is evidenced by the five-fold increases that have been taking place in the numbers of aviators' certificates issued by the Royal Aero Club. For the rest, there are fully equipped schools, like Air Service Training, which can give any kind of instruction, including that appropriate either to service work or to the piloting of commercial air liners.



TO THE CONTINENT IN LUXURY BY IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

The above photograph shows the luxurious cabin of one of the "Frobisher" class air liners, the type now used by Imperial Airways on their cross-Channel air services. This company announced recently that owing to the great speed at which these machines travel between London and Paris, they have been compelled to substitute snacks in place of the full-course lunch and dinner

Accessories.

In addition to the essentials of the air service—the aircraft, the pilots, the training—there are the accessories. There are the instruments, which become steadily of more importance as pilots learn to rely upon them more, the flying kit which still remains important, even in these days of closed and heated cockpits, the guns—about which public statements are strictly limited—the parachutes, the fuels, the oils, the dopes and finishes, the steels and light alloys.

Parachutes have a perennial appeal to the public because the idea of a man hurling himself out of an aeroplane at a great height and relying for his continued existence on a packful of silk and string is dramatic. The Royal Air Force uses the Irvin parachute, which was one of the first if not the first to develop the "free" type of parachute, which has no direct connexion with the aeroplane. Some parachute drops may be done for demonstration purposes at certain R.A.F. aerodromes on Empire Air Day.

Camouflage.

One of the marked changes between the aeroplanes on view this year as compared with previous years will be the "shadow shading" in which they are finished. This is a form of camouflage originally developed by a friend of mine as far back as 1917 or 1918 and now re-adopted after a period during which it fell into disuse. The camouflage is extremely good and makes the aeroplanes so painted very hard to pick up; but there is another side to finish besides camouflage and that is protection. The days of "dope" in the old original sense are numbered, but the companies, such as Cellon and Titanine, that specialize in dopes have turned to finishes of various kinds which give good protection. There is an aerodynamic theory that the surfaces of a high speed aeroplane should be finished glossy in order to reduce drag. How far

(Continued on page xxvi)

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FRED ASTAIRE IN HIS NEW FILM

The name of this new R-K-O picture is *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*, the famous dancers. Ginger Rogers is Fred Astaire's opposite number and flying comes into the story because Vernon Castle was in the Flying Corps

Round the Air Day Aerodromes

(Continued from page xxiv)

it is advisable to do this and destroy camouflage is a point which is likely to be disputed for some time yet.

Guns.

The amount I can say on the subject of guns is limited. The latest fighters mount eight machine guns each. Many bombers have guns mounted in mechanically operated turrets and the "cannon" is to be fitted in new types of aircraft in the future.

Let me again strongly recommend all those who want to learn about flying—whether they know much, little or nothing at present—to visit one of the aerodromes which will be open on next Saturday, May 20, Empire Air Day.

Aerobatics will figure again this year in the programmes at several stations, although the modern very high speed monoplanes are not so well suited to them as the older and slower biplanes. But at Hanwell, for instance, at the civil aerodrome and the Royal Air Force Elementary and Reserve Training

School, visitors will see inverted flying, synchronized aerobatics and converging bombing. There will also be formation flying by pilots from the Southampton centre of the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve and mock air battles between fighters and twin-engined reconnaissance aeroplanes. Picking up of supplies from the ground by the Army co-operation machines will be demonstrated at several places, including Usworth. Here also there will be a fly past of new types of machines, passenger flights in civil aircraft, and gliding with winch-launched sailplanes. At Romford a mock air-raid will be held in which anti-aircraft units of the Territorial Army will be seen in action, and there will be some realistic business with decontamination and rescue squads.

Balloons are apt to be thought a joke by the general public—but not by pilots who might have to fly through a barrage of them. Contingents of the balloon barrage units will give demonstrations at a large number of places. Incidentally, the spectacle of a very large flying boat going over an aerodrome close to the grass always seems to appeal to the public, and a "Sunderland" will make a tour of quite a large number of places.

In general it will be seen that this year's Air Day will give an excellent opportunity to visitors to get a thorough grasp of what the Royal Air Force does and how it is equipped. Moreover, the speed with which the swing over to new types of machines has been effected will be markedly apparent.

One of the great advantages which Empire Air Day has compared with the earlier Hendon display is that it is spread widely over the country.



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For an interior snapshot of one of these high-speed Imperial Airways' machines see picture on page xxiv. These De Havilland "Albatross" type, four-engined planes are now the fastest working on this London-Paris route

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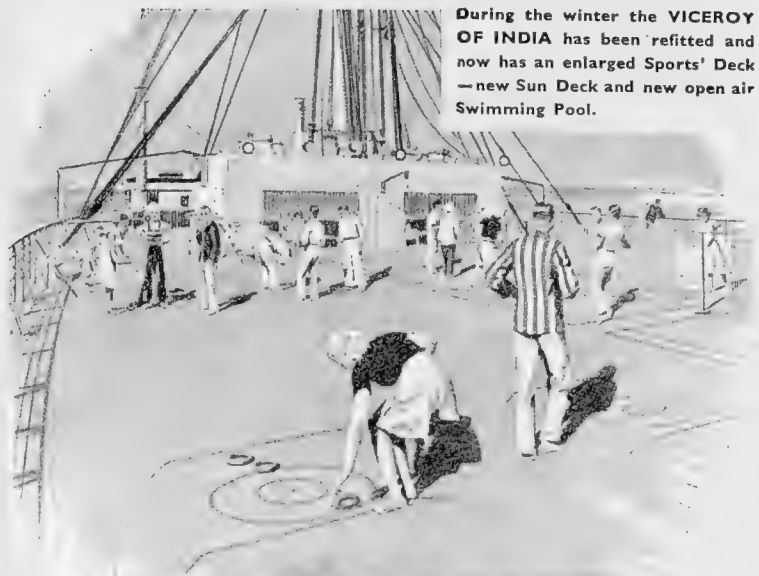
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ROUND ABOUT NOTES

One of the most important of Charity Dances which takes place in the present season is the Empire Ball, which is being held at Grosvenor House on May 24, all the proceeds going to the British Social Hygiene Council. The Ball is being held under the patronage of Her Highness the Princess Marie Louise. The Viscountess Elibank is the president, and anyone better fitted for the task would be hard to find, as her interest in questions of the Empire is well known, both she and her husband having travelled extensively through the Dominions and Colonies. Besides a giant Tombola, for which such valuable prizes as a return flight to Paris for two, a wireless set and furniture and china will be given, there will also be a first-class cabaret, including Miss Frances Day, Mr. Naunton Wayne, Mr. Walter Crisham with Miss Nayan Pearce as his partner. Amongst the well-known people who have promised to attend are Sir Frank and Lady Newnes, the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon, and many others. Tickets, which include a champagne supper, are £2 2s. each, £10 10s. for six, and can be obtained from the Honorary Treasurer, The Empire Ball, Tavistock House South, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

H.R.H. the Princess Royal has graciously consented to attend a special presentation of the colour film, *To the Land of the Pharaohs*, to be shown tomorrow evening at 9.45 p.m. at 2 Albert Gate, by kind permission of Mrs. Arthur Sassoon. The entire proceeds will be given to the North Islington Infant Welfare. The film was taken by Miss Rosie Newman, F.R.G.S., and



FISHING THE RIVER BRORA IN EAST SUTHERLAND

Lady Wigan, who is seen in the above snapshot, has recently been having some quite good sport on the Brora. Her husband, Sir Roderick Wigan, is the third baronet, having succeeded his father in 1907. They have one son and a daughter

the arrangements are under the direction of Mrs. Walter Burns. Tickets, which are 12s. 6d., can be obtained from Mrs. Walter Burns, 1 Belgrave Place, S.W.1, and Miss Newman, 146 Piccadilly, W.1.

May we bring to your notice that among the thousands of Russian wounded soldiers scattered the world over, not a few of them live in Great Britain. They represent the last of the Imperial Armies who fought loyally side by side with the Allies in the Great War. Homeless and without a country, many of them depend for their very existence on the efforts made by the associations to support them. An All-Russian concert, in aid of the cause, will be held at the house of Sir Philip Sassoon, on May 24, at 3 p.m. Her Imperial Highness, The Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia has graciously given her patronage. The patrons include the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Snowden, Lady Zia Wernher and H.H. Prince Vsevolod of Russia. Among the entertainers will be Olga Alexeeva, the famous singer, living in Brussels, Oreste Bodalew, the pianist, who is coming from Paris, Colombo's Band, and the Red Sarafan Cossack Choir of B.B.C. fame.

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1., appeal for an elderly dressmaker, aged 64, with no income except a pension of £31 per annum, from a beneficent society, for a small weekly allowance. After close investigation we find hers a sad and deserving case, and Friends of the Poor are anxious to promise her 2/6 weekly. She suffers very badly from rheumatism which often makes it impossible for her to sew. She is now living in a cheap room in a Sussex coastal town, but has to deprive herself of comforts and necessities alike, to pay her board and lodging. Do please help her.



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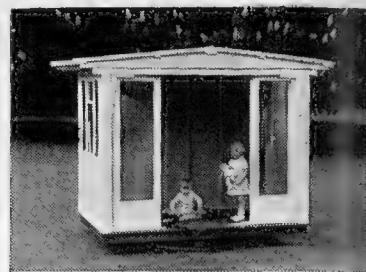
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ELLEN DREW

Interesting screen information accompanies the pictures presented to you here. Louis Hayward and Joan Fontaine are seen in romantic mood in *The Duke of West Point*, an Edward Small production for United Artists release which opened at the London Pavilion last week. Louis Hayward is the hero of this good value story of the American Military Academy. Jean Parker, young, lissom and very attractive, appears in the latest Hal Roach-United Artists production, *Elephants Never Forget*, which has a gala charity première on May 22 in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London. H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester has graciously promised to be present. Ellen Drew, the Paramount star, is now working opposite Ray Milland in the Paramount-British film version of the great stage success *French Without Tears*. Miss Drew, recently seen at the Plaza in *The Lady's from Kentucky*, rose to success in *If I Were King*, with Ronald Colman, and *Sing You Sinners*, with Bing Crosby. Talent scouts first discovered her in a Hollywood candy store



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MAY

22-26

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Week



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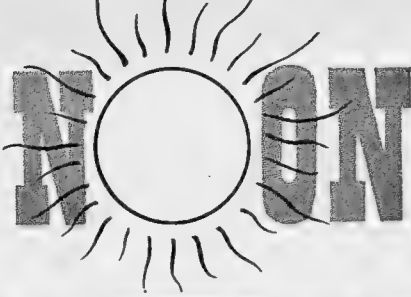
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PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED



A very smart Breakfast Gown in printed art silk pique. High to neck; turn over collar; buttoned down front, tie at waist of own material. White/navy, white/wedgwood, white/cherry. 27/6

Sent on approval.

Jenners pay carriage in Great Britain.

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**"SMALL
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(Above) A VERY SMART SUMMER TWO-PIECE SUIT perfectly tailored in Novelty wool crêpe, and trimmed with well-marked Silver Fox. In Grey, Hyacinth, Navy, Black, Engadine-blue. PRICE **10½ gns.**

(Left) A FASHIONABLE SUMMER TWO-PIECE in Novelty wool crêpe with Suède belt in contrasting colour, luxuriously trimmed with White-dyed-Blue Fox, Engadine-blue, Reseda, Grey, Navy. PRICE **10½ gns.**

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'Cabriolet'

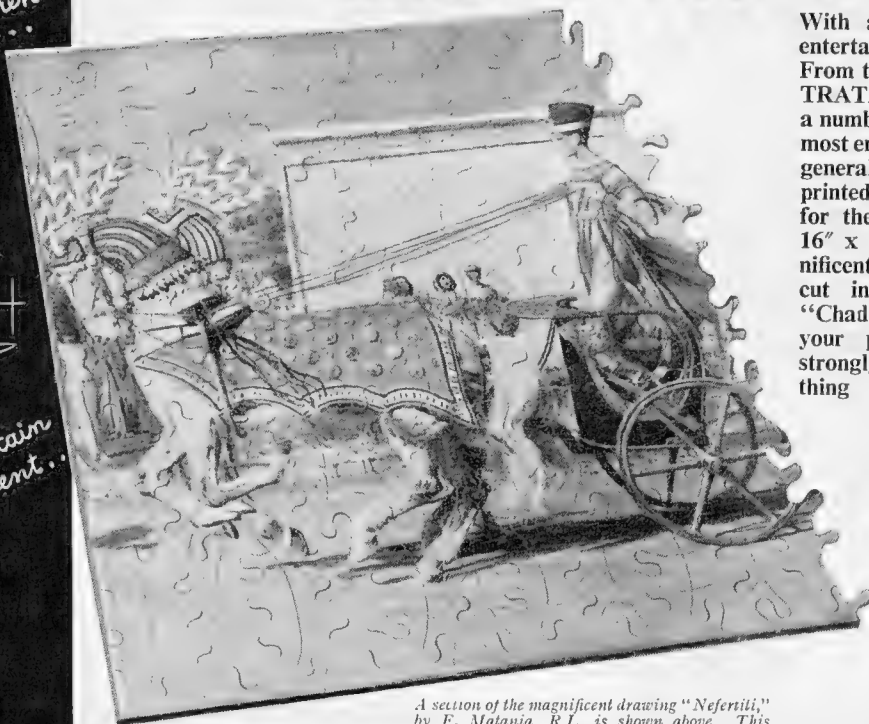
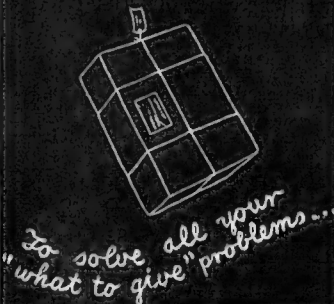
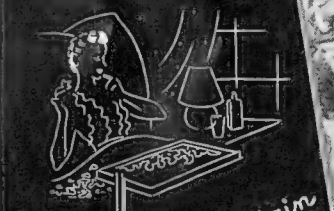
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From the Hat Shop for 73/6.

Harrods

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A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti" by F. Matania, R.I., is shown above. This is one of the delightful pictures available.

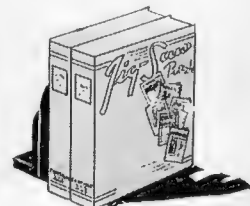
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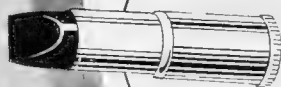
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They're brilliantly matched to the new dress shades — Outdoor Girl's lively, lovely lipsticks. Outdoor Girl Cyclamen, for example, is probably the most successful blend of blue and rose so far created in the 'blue-toned' lipstick range. There's a Cyclamen for day and one for evening — crisp, clear, vivid colours that make lips a-l-i-v-e and life more gay. You see, it's the base

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The Liveliest Lipstick in Town

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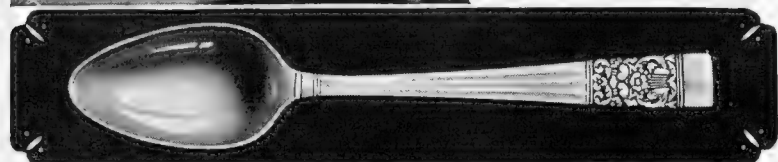


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pelts bright with
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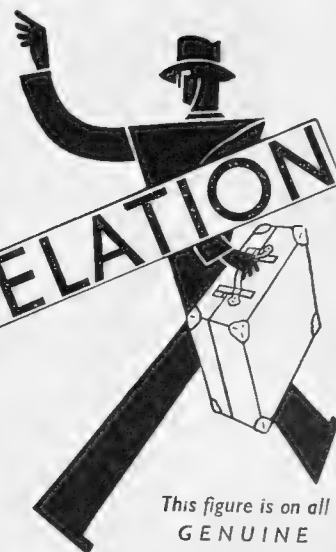
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59'6

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LEDA B. Beautiful, fine-gauge silk stockings of great elasticity—knitted with plenty of give to discourage ladders and runs. The season's newest shades of Rosebeige, Gala, Rositan, Suntouch, Dixitan, Honeybeige, Sunbright or Dark Beaver. Sizes 8½ to 10½. Pair 6/11. 3 pairs 20/-.

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News.....

Long sleeves for beach wear

Original Beach Wear
exclusive to
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From the new
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on the Second Floor

1. Attractive Playtime Blouse in multi-coloured check washing silk with long bishop sleeves, finished with a tie at neck. Sizes up to 38 bust
Larger Sizes, 5/- extra.

35'9

Perfectly fitting trousers in worsted or fine jersey fabric. In navy or grey

21'9

2. A gay spotted silk Playtime Blouse, in bright colours to tone with beach wear. Sizes up to 38 bust

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Well-tailored linen Shorts, finished with large bone buttons, and pockets. In navy and white

16'9

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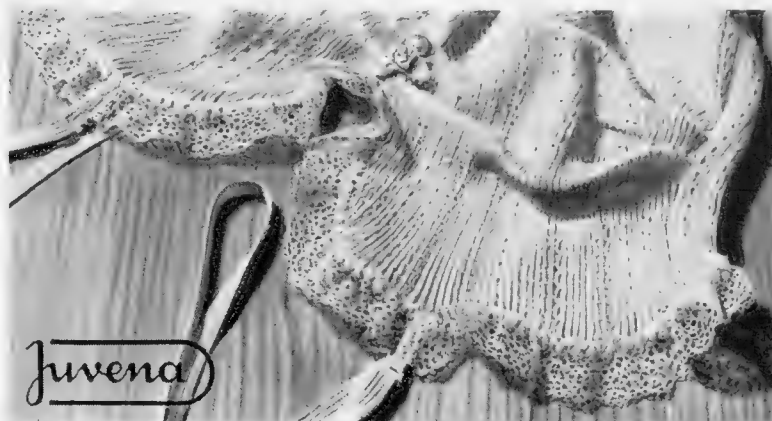
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these undies will be hidden from the world, yet will make their presence very apparent by the vastly improved line they give to your outer garments, so that you can look your best and slenderest. The figure-clinging knit-woven elasticity of Juvena ensures that smooth wrinkleless fit so essential under to-day's fashions, and the fully-fashioned brassière top with adjustable shoulder straps gives an amazingly flattering bust-line. Washproof elastic threads inserted in all edges of vest and panties, and cleverly concealed with a special decorative stitch under the bust, make doubly sure of perfect and lasting fit, whilst the crisp snowflake lace and rosebuds add charm and daintiness in keeping with the new, more feminine trend in fashions. Write for free copy of 'Undie fashions 1939' to Juvena-Agency, 13(1), Southampton Place, London W.C. 1.

Here is a close-up of above model 9022/3, obtainable in peach, sky or white art. silk: vest 3/11, short pantie 3/11.



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Foreign



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Live up to life this Summer: take an eight weeks' course of

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in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

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Slip a Kirbigrip on the Curl Maker, then a wisp of hair; a quick twist... and presto! the perfect curl. As many curls as you want and a headful in a jiffy. That's what the KIRBIGRIP CURL MAKER does and it only costs sixpence for months of use.

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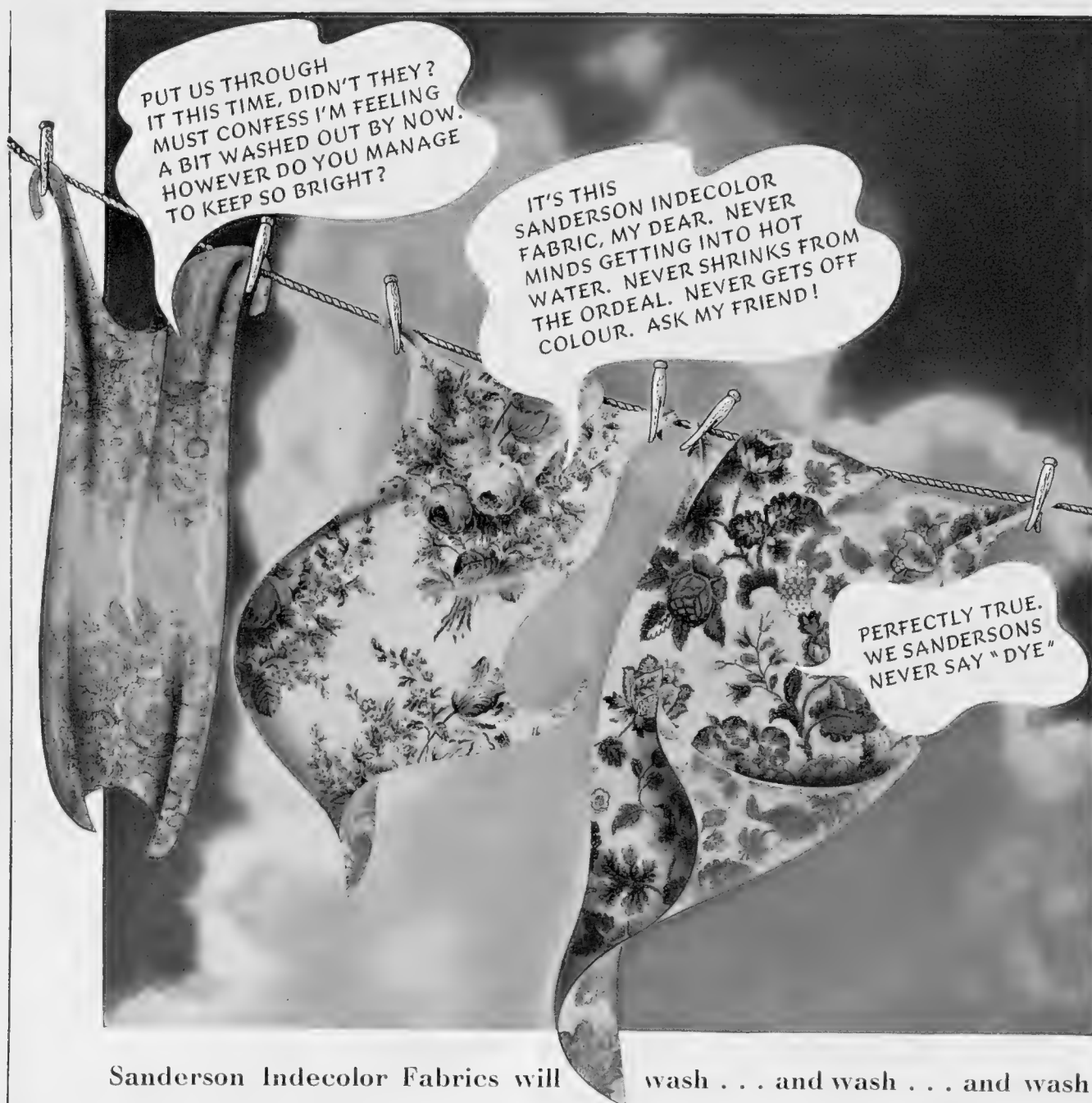
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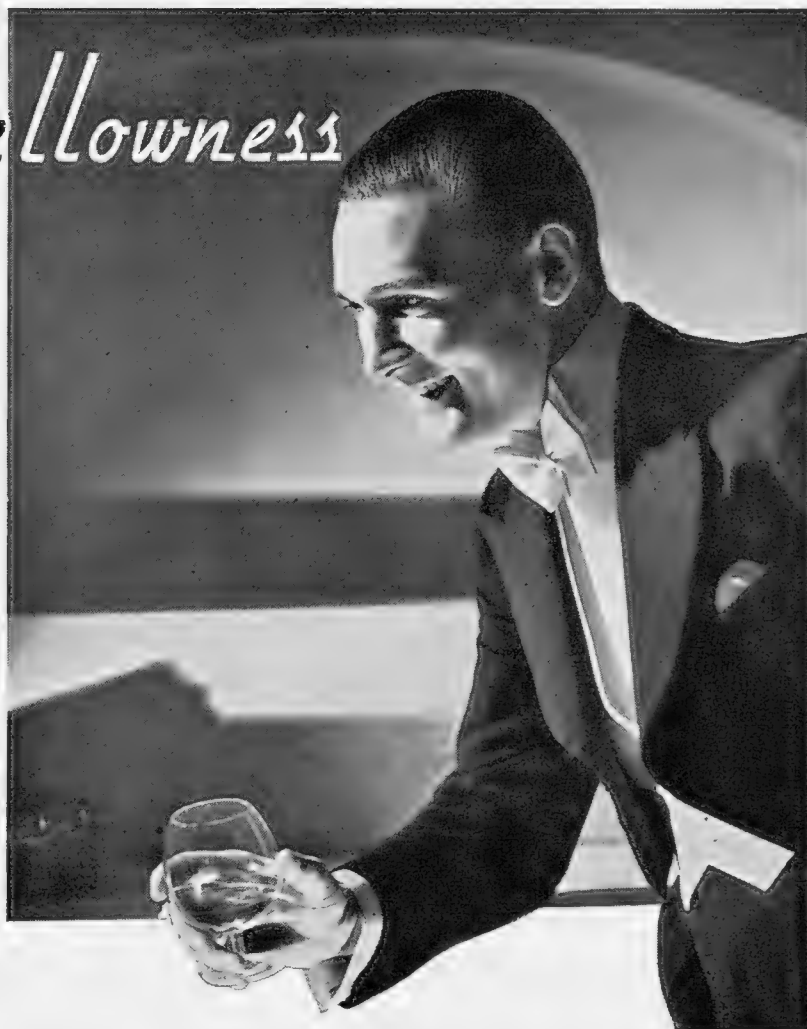
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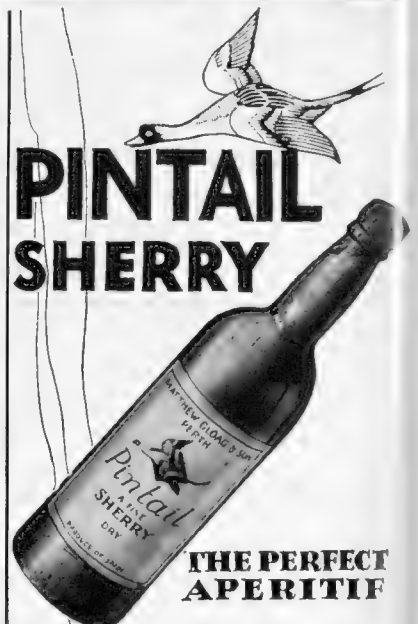
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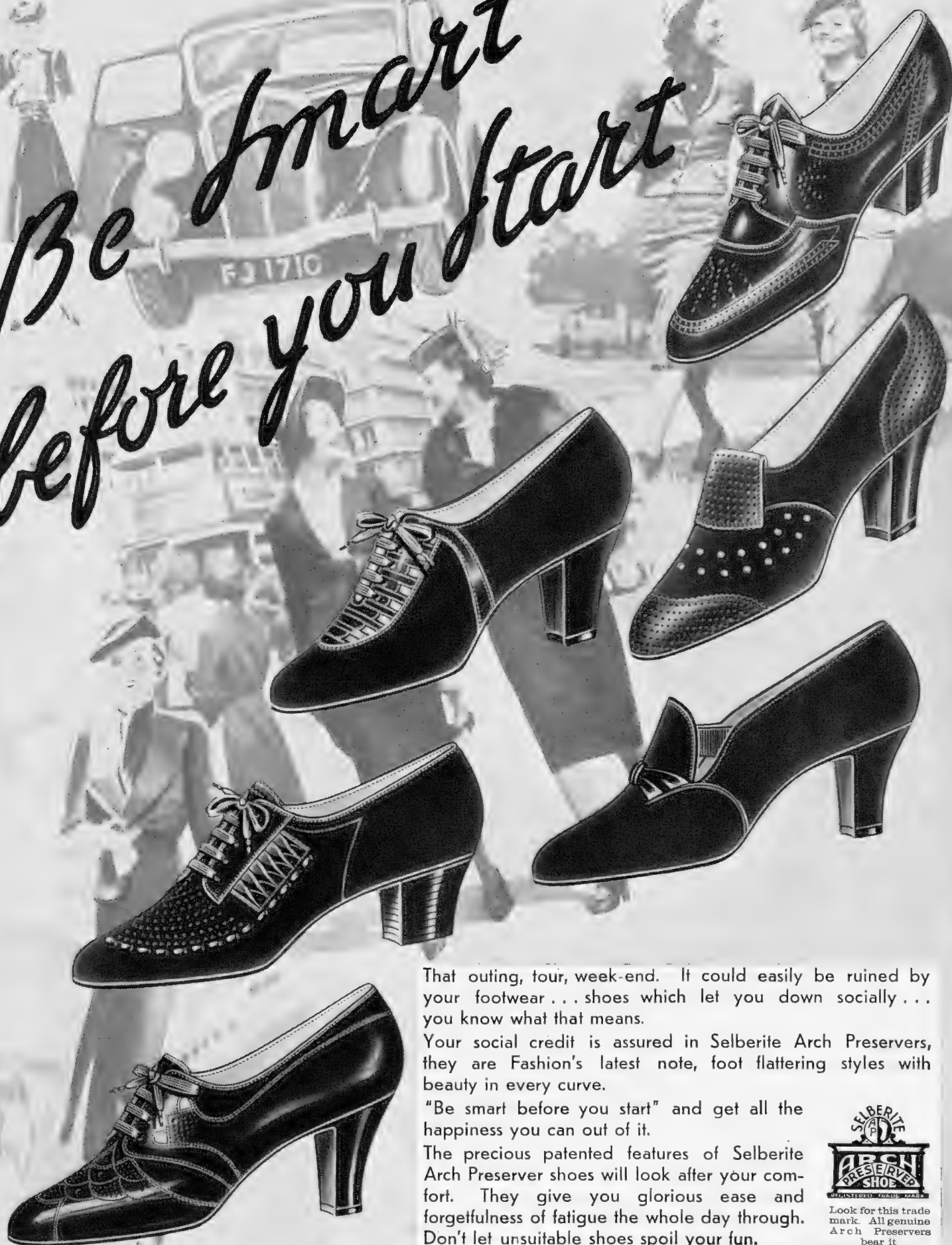


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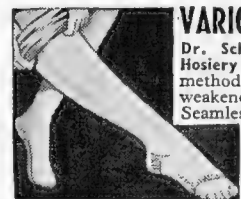


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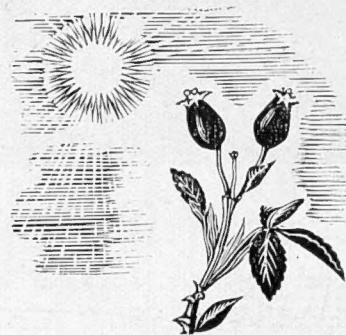
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